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LÓRIA



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Loria

*St. Joseph's College for Women
Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Loria

VOL. IX.

NOVEMBER, 1931.

No. 1.

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“MARCHING ON”



INSPIRED by a great need, a dream was conceived and fashioned of courage and unfailing faith. That dream was realized. Some fifteen years ago, St. Joseph's College was founded. Those fifteen years have been steps in a progress which overcame obstacles seemingly insurmountable.

Within a decade, much has been achieved. Our pioneers blazed their trail, not without setbacks and hardship, and never without faith. Theirs was the task to lead the way, to lay the first stones and construct the foundation. As it was their privilege to take part in that work, so it is their honor that the task was nobly done—that the foundation is secure. Ours is the task to preserve that foundation and to build on it. Who can say whether, in any undertaking, it is harder to do the initial work or to carry on the work of more than worthy predecessors? But this much is true—we have the background of their courage, zeal, confidence and faith. We have their fulfillments as an inspiration to us to “carry on.” In their work, they were led on by visions of the future. For us, those visions are realities. Now we must preserve and build higher and higher as they would have wished—but we must build just as firmly and truly.

They have given to us a heritage, rich in accomplishment and ideals, which is at once an inspiration and a challenge. We must answer the challenge and pass on those ideals unblemished, while we enlarge the inheritance for those who follow. Otherwise, we shall prove ourselves unworthy to be daughters of the same Mother whom they so honored.

There are still dreams to be realized and hopes to be fulfilled. That must ever be so, for, in every worthwhile undertaking, the aspiration must be greater than the accomplishment. Yet, while we dream and hope, let us act, too; let us be real, be honest, be Catholic, be worthy of St. Joseph's. If we thus sustain the standards and ideals they have set for us, we shall have kept faith with them and may fall in with their "thronging feet" as we proudly point to the standard—of gold, untarnished, and white, unsullied, which we shall relinquish regretfully but without shame as we, too, "march on."

ELEANOR HENNESSY, '32.



SOUVENIR

You are gone. Yet something of you lingers.
 I see a flame brought painfully to birth
 And sheltered long by our uncertain fingers,
 To be a light across the dark of earth.
 Without you now I guard its fragile beams,
 And in its glow so gentle and so white
 I am forever mending broken dreams,
 Alone, apart, and living by that light.

And yet as they who burn a candle bright
 Will ever hope a loved one may draw near—
 High, within a window in my night,
 One Light shines bravely through the blackness here.
 I keep before my eyes your mystic flame,
 And in my heart—the wonder of your name.

KATHLEEN SHEEHAN, '35.

UNDERCURRENTS

“AIREN—on March 18, Ella F., beloved sister of Anna R., Ross T., and Mrs. Henry A. Colvin. Funeral from her late residence, 209 Park Terrace, Thursday at 3 P. M.”

A million people read that notice. Hundreds recognized the name, “Cairen,” and the address, “Park Terrace.” To a handful, the words were a bit of leaven that grew, worked, stirred, and finally awakened the old memories and strengthened the sleepy echoes of the past. One or two wept, not very bitterly nor passionately, at the quiet passing of Ella Cairen.

When Mrs. Davis of 610 Park Terrace read that the dear, pretty little lady in 209 was dead, she could hardly believe it. She had grown to know her intimately during the past year and she felt that Death somehow had been indiscreet to call Miss Ella away without first consulting Mrs. Davis about it. Her faint resentment at this oversight did not leave her, but colored her mind so that that night, she dreamed of Ella. She dreamed that she saw Miss Ella as she was twenty years ago—tall, gracefully slim, with a certain daintiness and restraint in the manner in which she held the arm of the tall, white-skinned, black-haired man. In her left hand she carried a little frilled, flowered parasol. Neither of the figures moved, nor spoke, but continued looking straight into Mrs. Davis' eyes. Only their eyes seemed alive—Ella's sparkling with a shining ecstasy; the young man's, dark, deep, almost hidden by the low, thick brows that met over his nose. As she stared into them they seemed to grow bigger, blacker, like two widening pools, until Mrs. Davis awoke with a startled cry. What a strange dream! And how still they had been standing! Oh, of course, that explained it—the pictures that Ella had showed her last week. There were many of Ella and of her fiancé and several with Ella's girlhood friend, Marion Mertin. She remembered one with Ella's older sister, Henrietta, Henry Colvin's wife. She had been stout and hard looking even

then. She looked out of place with those two fresh, young girls; Ella, wistful, fair, delicate—and Marion, slight, vivacious, defiant. Mrs. Davis sighed and glanced over at her husband's bald head lying so peacefully on the white pillow. She wondered if she could have been faithful to his memory for twenty years, if she would have waited a lifetime for her lover.

In another, newer part of the city, Marion Mertin Sands was also thinking of Ella's faithfulness. She had sent the children up to the nursery—she wanted to be alone. "Nasty, sentimental old thing. I knew you'd never get him. He loved me—me!" All the hatred that had been suppressed for years burst forth, now that there was no need to conceal it. "You soft little fool, you!" White and trembling, she beat her impotent fists together. "How *dared* you save his pictures, his letters, his presents. How *dared* you grow old among lace and frills and lavender and his memories." Ella's faithfulness had become a tradition in Park Terrace. To Marion, it had grown into a nightmare. Careless of her skin and the carefully stiffened eyelashes, she sobbed and choked with rage, hatred, and with a twenty years' accumulation of bitterness and chagrin. She didn't bother to answer when the maid told her that Mrs. Henry Colvin was on the 'phone. Henrietta Colvin had to hang up rather impatiently.

Henrietta too was annoyed today—with the dressmaker, the florist, with that stupid minister—it certainly was a strain to manage a funeral. Although she and Ella had grown apart, until they were almost strangers, during the twenty years since Ella's sudden and nun-like retirement, it was understood that anything like births, marriages, and deaths in the Cairen family were the exclusive domain of Henrietta, the manager. Henrietta had never forgiven her sister for sacrificing her life to her youthful love, yet, in spite of her hard, practical common sense, Henrietta had never spoken one word of enlightening reproach about Ella's fiancé, David. She remembered the rumors she had heard that week before David's disappearance. She remembered too his

dark, sinister eyes, his assured, complacent manner of addressing Ella, his requests that were almost demands, the quarrels with Ella's good-natured older brother, Ross, who had always been morose and silent after one of his talks with David.

Not far from Park Terrace, and yet a whole world removed from it, an unkempt, middle-aged woman rolled back the shiny, greasy cuff of a dirty kimono, pushed up the window with its smudgy panes and leaned out to get the newspaper, which stuck to the wet, sagging boards of the porch. The paper was gray and sodden—a twisted, gaping tear showed where a pair of high-heeled slippers had unwittingly stepped across the face of a national hero. The woman got the paper and slammed the window.

"Well, fer . . ." As she stared at the print her voice trailed off. Suddenly, jerking her head up, she called to someone in the next room. "Ella F. Cairen is dead. That's the name I often seen on them love letters in his pockets. Gee, he was a swell guy." She nodded her head so vehemently that the grayish, non-descript wisps of hair, which had been carelessly tucked back, fell about her face. "He used to give me twice as much as any of the others . . . I bet he wouldn't have let me go down like this, when that high-hat Super-Film crowd kicked me out. Gee! When I first used to dance, did I go over big! And were the other guys sore when I landed that society fellow! Gee! Why did he have to go and get mixed up in that bank racket and clear out so sudden? Wish I knew where he was now."

When Ross Cairen took his morning paper off the radiator, it was stiff, rough-looking and curly where the heat had dried it. But still it had that musty smell of ink, cheap paper and rain—a choky, thick odor, that reminded him suddenly of death—Ella's death. He bit nervously at the ends of his white moustache and closed his eyes to keep back the tears that came whenever he thought of Ella, so much younger than he, now dead. Twenty years older than Ella, he had found it hard to realize how the passing years had left that wistful little face dry and wrinkled,

and those soft hands thin and bony. All he knew was that Ella had still kept her high lace collars and white frills at the wrist, that she had always been to him a symbol of faithful, fragrant, feminine women—sweet, unknowing, untouched. Today for the first time in twenty years, he was perfectly sure that he had done the right thing in withholding David's story from her. Why disfigure her love—by revealing the vicious weaknesses that lay beneath the surface of the popular, handsome, dashing David, whom Ella had adored. He alone of the family knew what the others guessed—that Ella had sacrificed her life to the memory of a conscienceless, heartless adventurer, that she had been faithful to a lie, loyal to a fraud.

“Poor Ella—I’m glad I never told her. She lived in joy and dreams, while all the rest of us have been busily brushing off the sacred powder of illusion from our worldly wings.”

GERTRUDE UNSER, '32.



THE WOOING OF DESDEMONA



ITHERTO, when first we met Othello and Desdemona, they were already wed. We know only that of the lady's wooing which Othello tells us. Perhaps it might have happened this way :

The scene is laid in the home of Brabantio in Venice. Desdemona is seated on a low stool before the fire, singing softly as she embroiders. A knock is heard. Desdemona rises.

DESDEMONA :—

Who knocks? (*Enter Brabantio and Othello.*)

BRABANTIO :—

Good day, my daughter;

See who follows.

DESDEMONA :—

Noble Othello,

A joyful morning to thee.

OTHELLO :—

Beauteous Desdemona,

It could not be other after this.

BRABANTIO :—

Ha! and what may mean this maiden blush?

Belike Othello's visit is untimely?

DESDEMONA :—

Nay, father! He is but jesting,

Noble friend, for thou art ever welcome.

Come now, sit thee down and tell me more

Of thy adventures.

BRABANTIO :—

Yea, of gory deeds

That soon will turn thee pale and shivering,

Showing the weakness of thy feeble sex.

Friend, forgive while I read these new despatches,

Which warn, I fear, of the approaching Turk.

OTHELLO:—

Think on't no more, Brabantio.

Mayhap, I can meanwhile amuse the Lady Desdemona.

DESDEMONA:—

The ever-present business that doth claim my father
Withholds him from both daughter and friend alike.

(*Brabantio goes to other side of room and reads.*)

Now, noble Moor, tell me once again

Of thy encounter with the wicked Spaniards.

(*They are seated.*)

OTHELLO:—

I remember it well. 'Twas such an evening

As never one does see in this our Venice.

Dusk had fallen, and already

The pale finger of the winter moon

Stretched wanly through the frigid sky.

Our army, resting after the bloody day,

Was scarcely ready for a new encounter;

Upon the stillness of the midnight air

Suddenly broke a whistle loud and clear,

And 'ere my war-tossed men could rouse themselves,

The enemy burst upon us fully armed.

Well and valiantly was the battle fought that night,

And I myself did witness noble deeds

Which other people never heard the tale of.

Rushing about among the fighting men,

Giving orders and shouting heartening words,

Scarcely had I time to shield myself.

Suddenly, a wary one, seeing well his opportunity,

Fetched me quick a mighty blow across my brow

That sent the warm, red blood rushing—

But hold! Art ill, sweet Desdemona?

DESDEMONA:—

'Twas nothing but a sudden feeling

And is already passed. Now finish.

OTHELLO:—

When I did recover from the dastard's stroke,
'Twas in an enemy tent and I securely bound;
While outside sentries passed and repassed,
Guarding well the important prisoner
Whom they had taken in uneven battle.
Next day was I carried to a low, vile dungeon,
Where vermin sported in the fetid air,
And miserable men cursed loudly to the sky.
Perchance I still might be inside those walls
Had not my brave lieutenant Cassio
Stolen silent to my dungeon one dark night,
Outwitted the stupid guards and cut my ropes;
Endangering his life to make mine safe.—
But now's enough of stormy, martial tales:
They rightly shock thy woman's sensitive soul.

DESDEMONA:—

'Tis so; and yet I would encourage thee
In their recounting, for they strangely thrill me,
And though I faint for thinking of the dangers,
Thy quick escapes excite my admiration.
Othello, if perchance thou ever hast a friend
Who may pay court to the maiden Desdemona,
Do but teach him how to tell thy story
And already would my heart belong to him.

OTHELLO:—

Lovely Desdemona, thy pity moves me
To tell the love my soul has so long cherished.
So I beg thee to regard me as that friend
Whom thou canst find it in thy heart to love.

DESDEMONA:—

If maiden modesty forbade it not,
I would confess how much I have esteemed thee.
From that day when thou wast first known to me
And first recounted of thy brave adventures,

I pitied thee for the dangers thou hadst passed,
And loved thee for the pity thou inspired.

OTHELLO:—

Now is Othello's restless heart content
With Desdemona's love, from heaven sent!

CHRISTINE BARTON, '32.



DO YOU TEASE?

HAVE you ever wondered just what motivates those unbearably coy people known as "teasers?" Philosophically, teasers are honest; psychologically—they are in a class by themselves; and physiologically they strike me as a species of beastie. Have you ever seen one track its prey to its very lair, worry it, heckle it, then, in a perfect ecstasy of devilish joy, leave it in that state of indecision which is almost worse than being eaten alive outright?

The manner of the hunt is interesting, for the Tease is absolutely unique in its methods and attack. It is not always supplied with a weapon, but finds it invariably easy to locate one. This much accomplished, with sinuous and worm-like motions, it approaches the victim, who basks in an idyllic state of false security. The initial thrust is a surprise, and this enables the attacker to rain blow after blow upon its unguarded victim. By the time the latter discovers the nature of the onslaught, he is worn ragged, and the "teaser," drunk with the joy of battle, has slunk off to relive his victory.

"All's fair in war" except that the teased must never lose his temper, must not try to keep anything a secret and must never, never retaliate. All of which rather seems to give our friend "Teaser" the upper hand. We can only watch out for that knowing glint of the eye, that too wise shake of a waggish head, and run. After all, if a person never had an idea of his own, he ought to be allowed to fill in his time persecuting those of others. Or, don't you think so?

KATHRYN FARRELL, '33.

HORSE AND WAGON

 I, Enrico, get along there! Rico, get along!" The enthusiastic little Italian leaned far forward on the rickety wagon seat, urging his easy-going horse to greater effort. But Enrico had adopted a leisurely trot twenty years ago, and had no intention of deserting it now.

Tony snapped the old cracked whip high in the air, being careful not to touch his beautiful horse. The aged Enrico responded with a surprisingly quick toss of the head, a deception calculated to convince Tony that his spirit had been aroused, and was quickening his limbs. Tony, being in a happy frame of mind, was deceived, and both parties were satisfied.

Tony Giovaniello had waited long for this day. He had dreamed of it restively in his sleep. He had told Maria, his wife, the great thing it would be when he could deliver his ice in a wagon, instead of the little old handcart. He had promised his five children to take them riding on Sundays, with money for chewing gum besides, for he would be earning much more with the horse and wagon trade. The handcart—bah! That was no way to deliver. Many trips, and quickly melting ice. Trade that went to Pietro Vanconi because Tony could not reach the people soon enough.

"We must save money, Maria," he had told his wife. "We must save it now, that we will make more. It is good business, Maria."

So they did without things. They ate great quantities of spaghetti, and appeared to thrive. The children did not go to the movies like the other children on the block. Maria darned and patched, and did not wash the things too often, for fear of their wearing out. Tony had an uncle in Italy who had been very fond of him. Every year or so, this uncle sent great quantities of olive oil to the Giovaniellos from his olive press in a Sicilian valley. What they did not use the thrifty Maria sold at a small profit to her neighbors. All in all, they managed well. They put by, bit by bit, and now on this day in early spring

Tony had struck a bargain with a junk dealer and was driving home to surprise Maria.

To Tony this trip home was epochal. It was second only to his crossing the seas to America. Every rattle and jar was music, and the scrawny beast was splendid. He pulled up importantly when the traffic lights showed red. Pulled up with a great show of strength, although Rico needed little encouragement to stop. He turned toward the river, and down the last block leading to the cellar that housed the Giovaniellos, together with their coal and ice and wood. He was in the heart of Little Italy now, and was looking for his friends. There was Giuseppe, at the door of his Italian-American grocery. Tony waved gaily and shouted, but Giuseppe waved uncertainly, made as if to shout something, and then stopped.

"Hi, Joe!" to Joe the barber, but Joe turned with a strange expression to the little group in front of his shop, and said something in a low voice. Tony was puzzled, but too happy to be angry. Maria would welcome him. There was a small crowd in front of the steps leading down to his basement. Tony's heart swelled with pride. The word had gotten there ahead of him. He called anew to Enrico.

"Hi, Rico! Enrico mio! Hola there! Step up there, my fine one!" he shouted. And in a lower voice, "We will show them, eh, my brave?"

He leaped from his proud seat, and confronted his compatriots, who gathered in a little knot about him. They were speaking to each other, but not to him, and for the first time he noticed their faces. Mama Petroselli was wiping her eyes and even the shrewish little Esposito woman was silent, looking at him pityingly.

"What is the matter? Madre Dios!" he shouted in his disappointment, and in rage that was mostly alarm. "Maria! Maria!"

At that moment, Concepcione, his eldest daughter, rushed up the steps and grasped her father's arm, pulling him down to their door, where she held him a moment.

"Papa, papa!" And she paused breathless while Tony, white-lipped and silent, pushed open his door. Maria was there, looking with anguished eyes at a tall, authoritative man who carried a small black bag. Concepcione pushed closed to her father.

"Giovanni! Father, it is Giovanni," she whispered loudly.

Giovanni, the youngest, whom Maria loved because he was the frailest of the brood.

"Maria!" Questions died on his lips.

"Your husband, madame?" asked the cool-voiced man.

But Maria had run to Tony, and was sobbing in his arms.

"What is it?" asked Tony thickly, in his native tongue.

Maria was explaining in Italian, and the doctor was explaining in English, but Tony's heart interpreted it all. His little Giovanni, his last born, was about to die. That was it. They were telling him that death was coming to his son.

"And," concluded the doctor, "that is his only chance, as I see it."

"What?" asked Tony stupidly.

The doctor had turned to go, but he came back, and explained patiently again to the little, dark, distracted man.

Tony got it now. A specialist. Paralysis of the spinal nerves. Possible infection. Money—money. So his little Giovanni could move again. Move his weak little back. A special doctor who lived in a city so many miles away. Money to pay the doctor.

Tony struggled briefly. Maria wept as she told him she could not find the money in the jar where it surely was. Tony reassured her as he held Giovanni's little hand.

He looked at her fully and said, "I will sell Enrico."

Maria glanced at him in alarm, put her hands on his head, while she searched his eyes.

"Antonio," she murmured vaguely, a little frightened.

"It is all right, mamacita," he said, and kissed her.

He stood up then, and went out the door.

For many hours Tony drove around the city, mechanically

clucking to the unresponsive Enrico. He went first to the junk dealer, but could not find him. He had some vague idea that the junk-man might be glad to buy Enrico back. But nobody seemed to want to buy Enrico. Tony could not understand it but he kept trying. At nightfall he gave up, drove Enrico home, and quartered him in the alley next to the house. He explained to Maria and they made plans while they sat up with Giovanni. There was a first cousin of Maria's who lived in that same distant city, and who worked as a packer on the river front, where great warehouses received the produce of the world. Peddlers came every day to such a market, piled their wagons with fruit and vegetables, and went forth with unintelligible cries about the city. To one of these, surely Enrico would be a usable beast. The merchandise was light, and progress slow. Tony saw in this circumstance a possible solution, and indeed, his only hope.

His forlorn plans concluded, he lay down for what seemed a moment, and was up again with the dawn. He harnessed Enrico, fed him tenderly, and drove him slowly out of the alley.

The next day as Little Italy was settling down to supper, Tony returned. He walked slowly, for he was very tired. He went down the steep steps carefully, for his feet were swollen and blistered. Mama Petroselli opened the door to him, and clapped her great hands on his shoulders, beaming and shouting at him. Maria came forward, a tired Maria, but there was a radiant smile on her white face. He knew before they told him, and grateful tears welled up from the little man's heart.

"Jesu Maria, but God is good," he said brokenly.

Mama Petroselli interrupted importantly, "The great doctor has been here, Antonio."

Tony nodded dumbly, and remembered a mad ride in a crazy cart.

"And the bambino is not to die, Mother of God be praised!" she ejaculated.

"No," said Tony, and remembered Enrico with gratitude.

"He will even walk, perhaps," put in Maria softly.

And Tony looked at his own bruised feet, and smiled in great content. The farewell to Enrico and the weary miles between were nothing, for when spring days were over, and the summer sun was warm, he would lift Giovanni into the handcart, and they would set off together with no one to hear him murmur, "Hi, there, get up there! Hola, my brave one!"

KATHERINE KELLY, '32.



FOR RUTH

*Ruth Gallagher of the Class of 1934
Died June, 1931*

I SEE your tears: be not sad!
For such a worthy gift has gone unto the King!
And so it is with all things.
The sun's most lovely before it's gone to rest.
The full-blown rose dies in its exquisite beauty.
I say rejoice that she was young,—
That she was gay, unspoiled by years,
Unhurt by pain and sorrow.

You say she's gone. You weep?
Don't you see her eyes of laughing blue?
Hear her golden laugh?
Remember all the sweetness of her ways?
The rose was picked—but there's remembrance.
Would that all memories were as sweet as
This one of her.

MARTHE QUINOTTE, '34.

“DEAR DIARY”

MARCH 20, 1927.



H! I'm so tired of everything. Nothing ever happens to me. Here I am—a senior and everything, and still I go through life without any adventures or excitement—one day is just as plain and dull as another. Some day I am going to defy conventions, fly in the face of the old fogies who are always preaching, and find my own sphere. I would like to be grand and haughty and do something real wicked. I could be magnificent in sin, commanding and unrepentent. Gee, I wouldn't even mind going to prison for it or anything.

Dear Diary, I don't know why everyone thinks I am so good. Gosh, just because a person doesn't wear a lot of make-up, is that any reason why old Miss Thompson should point *me* out as an example of a “wholesome” girl? I could have screamed. Can you imagine the disgrace? She stopped in the middle of the English lesson to give one of her silly lectures on paint, and suddenly she pointed to me and said, “Now, there's a nice wholesome girl. She doesn't smear her face up with any silly powder and rouge.” I could have killed her—and then to crown it all she asked me how old I was, and of course, I had to tell it in front of the whole class. So I said: “Fifteen and a half,” well, anyway—fifteen and four months is nearer to fifteen and a half than it is to fifteen, so it really wasn't a lie. That Miss Thompson makes me sick. She ought to have more respect for a woman's feelings. All the girls in my class are about seventeen and they never guessed that I'm not so old as they are—but now she had to go and spoil it all. They'll all think I'm only a kid. How can they know my soul-secrets—how I have thrilled to Cleopatra's despair, Helen's intoxication and Elaine's adoration.

MARCH 30, 1927.

I'm so excited. Mr. Chambers—he's the faculty adviser of the Junior Club—is giving a party Sunday—and I am invited

to go with Harry. Oh, dear diary, I just know that this is going to be different from all the other parties I've ever gone to. All the teachers say Mr. Chambers' wife is French, and she talks to the girls just as though they were grown up. Once she said something to Ann Normand about love and Mr. Chambers said to her, "Why, Suzanne, you're talking to kids," and then she just laughed and said, "No Parisian would call Ann a 'keed.'" She must be wonderful. I wonder if she wears evening clothes every night to dinner. Harry was at the party last year and he said that they had cocktails, and they were smoking and everything, and Mr. Chambers said, "Now don't you kids spill any of this in school, or we'll be taking a one-way ticket back to France," and everyone laughed, but they never told about it in school. But Harry said being as I was invited this time I ought to be told just what kind of people they are.

But what do I care about last year. I'm going to be there this year. All the Alumni members of the Junior Club are coming back. Some of them have gone out of town to big universities and they are coming back for the Easter vacation. Dear Diary, last night I said a little prayer. I hope God won't think I'm vain or proud, but I prayed so hard that nobody would ask me how old I was, and that Dad doesn't call up at eleven and ask "where they're keeping his little girl." Lots of those college students stay up till twelve and even one every night and they don't think a thing of it.

MONDAY, APRIL 2.

So much has happened that I can't realize that I am the same person, or that just a few days ago so many little things seemed important to me. I'm so much older now. How childish some of those things look that I wrote just a few days ago. I must have been terribly naïve then.

Dearest Diary, I have met *Him*—I have begun to live. Oh, dear Diary, everything seems different now. I don't even mind studying, or doing errands, or even drying dishes or anything, because I always imagine and act as though he were there watching me. But I want to start from the very beginning—it was

at the party last night. Don (that's what everyone calls him, but his real name is Donald, and he goes to college in Maryland) was talking as I came in, and everyone was listening to him and applauding and laughing, because he was imitating the darkies in Maryland and telling funny stories about college. Oh! I knew immediately that he was different from all the rest—very tall and strong looking, and so sure of himself. He must be at *least* twenty—why, he has been in college for over a year now. And then later when he started to sing, I just closed my eyes and felt that all my dreams had come true. He sang "My Blue Heaven" twice and when he got to the part where it said, "A little cottage where the roses bloom" I thought I would have to cry. I could see a long white country road, a little cottage with flowers and sunshine and trees all around it, and pretty colors and warm soft air, and—everything. I just wanted to sit there and watch everything and dream and hear him sing, and never go home or back to school any more and be just an ordinary, cold person like everyone else. I didn't even want to talk to him. What could *I* say to interest *him*. He'd probably think I was so childish, but all of a sudden, he came over and asked if I wasn't secretary of the Junior Club, and when I said yes, he said, "Why, I used to be secretary too when I was in High School," and he began to tell me all about the parties Mr. Chambers used to give, and about the Junior Club and about Maryland and college and—why—he's just as easy to talk to as anyone. Before I knew it I was laughing and feeling at ease, and I even told him about how Aunt Minnie fell on the ice and everything. Afterwards we danced and then I played "Blue Heaven" and he sang it again, but very softly, as though he were just singing it to me—and oh! I can't remember everything, but twelve o'clock came so soon, and we all had to go home. I was just saying good-night to Mrs. Chambers, when Don came over and said to me, "Fair damsel, my chariot and prancing steed await without. Thy doughty knight Harry has been vanquished," and everybody laughed and said he was just too funny. At last I realized that he wanted to take me home and had arranged it all

with Harry. I was all trembly inside, and my heart just seemed to jump all over. On the way home I was careful not to show that I was so terribly excited and in love with him, because how could I guess that he loved me too? But he does, he does—I know he does. I was just going to ring for Dad to open the door when he said, "What's the hurry?" and laughed sort of embarrassed, so I said, "No hurry, why?" and then it sounded so stupid and insipid, that I could have slapped myself. So I just leaned my head back a little and turned it to one side and looked at him mysteriously with half-closed eyes like Marion Davies does, and then I said very softly, "Don, will you ever forget this party?" And saying it like that, with the moon shining so bright, and everything so still, I just wished I could die, and never have a moment again that was less beautiful than this. And just as I was thinking how beautiful it would be to die, Don said, "How about it then, would you like to go?" I was startled, because I hadn't heard him say a word, but I said, "I'd love to go with you," and then he said, "O. K.—three o'clock on Wednesday then, and don't forget, little blondie," and then, without saying a word, just like in a story, he leaned over and kissed me very slowly and then was gone. And that's how I know he loves me too, or else why did he kiss me like that—and look so serious? Oh, dear Diary, if Mother or Dad ever found out I'd just die of embarrassment.

TUESDAY EVENING.

Tomorrow! Tomorrow! Will it never come? Why don't the hours go more quickly? Please, God, let the sun be warm, so I can wear my new red dress, and keep Dad at the office late so I can go and—Tomorrow! I'm going to tell Don that he must keep it a dead secret and not tell anyone and just send each other little love notes and think of each other all the time. Oh! Tomorrow, tomorrow, please come quick.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4.

Don just telephoned—"I'm sorry, old kid, I have to drive Dad up to Massachusetts this afternoon, and I'll be going

straight back to College from there. Be a good girl now, and don't go to too many parties." I—I—It can't be true. It was a different voice—no, it was Don, but so cold and oh—I wish I could die.

Mother just found me crying and she didn't even ask me what was wrong. She just hugged me and said, "Birdie, wait a little longer, till your little wings are stronger."

But how can she know that my heart is broken and my life shattered?

GERTRUDE UNSER, '32.



CONSTANCY

OH, I will love you only,
Forever and a day!
My heart is yours alone to keep
Till I am old and gray.
What's that? You don't believe me?
You do not think it so?
No other lad has doubted me—
Ask Jim—or Jack—or Joe!

MARIE K. JOHNSTONE, '34.

Loria

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EDITORIALS

CHAPEL



HEN study hounds you and you think you'll never clear a way through that forest of assignments, when you feel you'd give anything for a few moments of perfect tranquillity, try a visit to the chapel.

Now in spite of what people in the world may think, and how they may scoff, many problems which confront us students are very real ones, needing more than human advice in their straightening out. And who can be of greater help than the Eucharistic Christ? Visit Him in His lonely Prison, and be assured that the help and solace which only He can give will be yours for just the asking.

UNITED WE STAND

It would seem that such is the motto of many of our fair classmates—for united they stand in corridors, on stairs leading to all-important classes, in front of bulletin boards which they are not reading, and—united they also kneel—at auditorium doors when one would enter to pray. Stepping on people might conceivably be a most gratifying and soul-satisfying pastime, but stepping over them is irksome, not to say difficult, and might at times be attended with some little danger to one's person, not to mention one's dignity.

The conclusion of this mild tirade is obvious. It is a polite but firm request. "Would you kindly move over?" We could quote and unquote several subway guards who have expressed themselves simply but effectively on matters of similar nature, but shall refrain, for reasons at once apparent to our thinking readers.

The entire point of this may be lost to you until some future day, when in spite of having knocked down six or seven such amiable groups on the stairs, you arrive at the desired room with one half of a cherished cut completely gone.

"SCHWEIGEN IST GOLDEN"

One day, as we sat in the library, poring over a volume of Business Law and not having much success in grasping its import, we became discouraged. There must be some reason why this particular chapter on "Negotiable Instruments" should remain so obstinately beyond our ken. We thought an analysis of the facts would yield a reason. We were no sleepier than usual that day, had no terrorizing quiz to face, or no heart-disturbing date in view. The sun was shining brightly, the day was not too warm nor yet too cold, and since it was the Fall of the year, spring fever was out of the question. Our debts were paid, our allowance had not run short. What, outside of a preordained inability to grasp Business Law, could be the reason for our unsuccessful grappling with "Negotiable Instru-

ments"? Slowly then, as we sat thinking, murmurs of whispered conversations began to seep through to our conscious mind: "So Jim said he didn't give a rap . . ." "But the prof only laughed when I . . ." "And was I mad to think . . ." "Do you think she'll get up to the assignment? . . ." "A big, fat goose-egg!"

When you don't pay particular attention to one particular line of chat, what a babble the whole thing makes. Unobtrusively, it creeps into your thoughts, burdens and confuses them and, adding nothing, deprives them of what good they might possess.

If you have ever tried to do "Negotiable Instruments" in the library, you will understand and appreciate. Perhaps you will even agree with Carlyle when he quotes, "*Sprechen ist silbern, Schweigen ist golden.*"

"TROTTING"

Johnson wisely said, "Mankind has a great aversion to intellectual labor." Certain observant language professors, having become aware of this tendency in the student, have capitalized it in a way, which if not new to you, was at least ingenious in its inception. I have before me one of those pills of learning, the unscholarly product of a scholarly pen, called an "interlinear." The volume in question is particularly clever in its arrangement. To assuage the troubled conscience of the student, the author has prefaced his book with the soothing balm of a quotation from Milton, commending linear translations. The writer presumes, with some justification, that the reader is as unfamiliar with the English classics as he is with the Latin, to quote thus daringly to him such a recommendation from the "greatest Latinist of them all." The "dull solitude of the dictionary" is scoffed at, the puerile unhappiness incidental to learning grammar condoled, and then is introduced this new system of reading Latin—alas, not so new. Then there follow pages of closely interwoven Latin and English. The commentator is

thoughtless in one respect; the English version is in small print, difficult to read, the Latin in large clear type—a situation which puts a needless strain on the eyes. I have very definite memories of certain nights I spent reading aloud, with great difficulty, this English print to a feverishly writing brother, and listening while he gropingly repeated that dictation to me from memory.

Upon the shelves of textbooks, collected and maintained in every family by its society of students, Latin "interlinears" sadly outweigh Latin classics. The expense of this collection the students can no doubt amply afford—indigence being the parent of diligence. There are, however, a greater number of pages cut out and lost than even the dog-eared condition of the books would warrant. Unfortunately, the "interlinear" is only the step towards far worse things. This opium of the student mind not only paralyzes it in the study of a language, but initiates an almost unbreakable habit. Few have the mental courage or intellectual endurance to break the fetters.

But how great the reward for him who does. How can the triumph of mastering the translation of a passage from Vergil be compared to the tedium of memorizing the indifferent, even hackneyed English of a mediocre translation. Memory is meant for better things.



AS WE LIKE IT



ERE we are back again, and what do we see? Tables for four in Ryerson's, crowded with six . . . girls who left school with long hair, returning with closely cropped shingles . . . girls who left school with hair that was mid-dlin', now back with a "bun" and looking very collegiate.

. . . Freshmen, with a hurt, little-girl look in their eyes, clutching programs . . . Sophomores trying to buy books . . . Sophomores trying to sell books . . . Sophomores with a gleam in their eyes, wondering how the Freshies will take their hazing . . . Juniors playing the gracious hostess to the new class and making them like college . . . Seniors, deep in mysterious conversations about Ethics and Methods . . . sandwiches from the "Delly" smelling just as good as ever . . . new woollen dresses and "Eugenie" hats . . . a crowded library . . . assignments on the bulletin board . . . a new gym teacher . . . and classrooms just aching to have us back again!

Of course, the first week of the new term finds us fretting and fuming about programs and classes, but soon we quiet down and fit into our own little grooves. And who wouldn't rather be in school than sitting around piling up the 'phone bill with numerous calls to girl friends just to amuse one's self . . . or leaving the house at eight sharp every morning for another day of that \$18 a week summer job . . . or spending warm summer afternoons studying for that course in Latin Classics or Psych at C. C. N. Y. or Hunter . . . or having one's much needed morning slumbers shattered by a call to "Get up—today we're going to scrub the woodwork and wash the curtains."

All of which is just consolation tendered in the effort to keep you from grieving too strongly for delightful days spent lying on hot sand with summer sun pouring through you . . . or evenings spent riding in that yellow roadster with warm night air whipping your hair into unregretted tangles . . . or nights of dancing to the whispered strains of Guy Lombardo's music,

with the "one man in the world" . . . or early morning canters through a moist, green wood—with the other man in the world . . . or, any number of exciting things which make summer, "Summer."

* * *

We once had a perfectly gorgeous idea, and, as our favorite columnist would say, we thought you'd like to know. Have you ever tried an all-request dinner—where each member of the family is permitted to choose her favorite dish? The idea is, when the choice is complete, to have a full and well-balanced meal. But, if you do try it, we hope you have better luck, or less plebeian tastes, than we did when our party ordered hamburgers with raw onion, Campbell's beans, stuffed celery, Jewish pumpernickel, cherry pie a la mode, and iced tea.

* * *

It happened at one of the summer camps on Long Island. At the end of the day, the children were grouped around the flag, and after singing the "Star Spangled Banner" they sang a little verse to the tune of "Taps." These are the words:

"The day is done, gone the sun
From the lake, from the hill, from the sky,
All is well, safely rest—
God is nigh."

And this is what the listening nuns heard as they walked back of the little ones, encouraging them to sing:

"The day is done, gone the sun
From the lake, from the hill, from the pie,
All is well, safely dressed—
God is nice!"

RITA HERZOG, '34.

* * *

We felt no end set up this summer as we went around bragging about our job. After all, it did sound fine to say, "Oh, yes, I'm working—writing for the *Daily Mirror*." In fact it *was* fine, if only there hadn't been *one* who refused to gasp and

say—"Why, isn't that marvelous! So interesting!" The fly in the ointment this time was one of our bosom pals, who, when we casually tried to imply that we were intimately associated with Walter Winchell, laughed quite uproariously.

"Writing for the *Mirror*! Yeah!! Writing what?"

Well, one must have some scruples about fibbing outright, so we had to break down and confess that we wrote addresses on twelve hundred postcards to be sent to twelve hundred hoped-for subscribers. However, we didn't think it necessary to add that, although we got the twelve hundred a day finished, we were fired after a week and a half 'cause they couldn't read our handwriting.

* * *

Things one sees in the subway! There is the case of the old gentleman on the Flushing-Main St. line, who, without any attempt at being furtive, reached in his mouth, removed his false teeth, carefully wiped them off, and then returned them to their native habitat. . . . Or the case of a huge colored woman on a Utica Avenue Express who undoubtedly had "a misery in her feet." Waddling into the car, she settled herself wearily in a corner seat, and reaching down, unbuttoned and pulled off her shoes. Seemingly perfectly content, she wriggled her toes, which were without stockings.

* * *

We want to call everybody's attention to Christine Barton's contribution, called "The Wooing of Desdemona." We knew 'Tina could do big things—you've seen her verse before in these pages—but we had no idea she could "out-Shakespeare Shakespeare." More power to the "Bard of Avon's" only rival!

L. A. F., '32.

INTRODUCTION AND POME

It is an absolute, immutable and undeniable fact that each year some Junior is moved to burst into song or story in re the woes of Philosophy. As a committee of one, I have appointed

myself to run true to form. Song of a sort has been chosen, but difficulties have arisen. The alluring juxtaposition of such words as "inveigle" and "Hegel," "Spinoza" and other variations of the nasal organ, has tempted me. But I remained true to the dignity of my class and theme. I abandoned brief, sparkling and epigrammatic verse in favor of a more conventional type. To the tune of "Why Do I Love You?" the following ditty is to be chanted. I am sorry to say that some slurring of words is necessary to fidelity to the music—but what would you?

Why do I exist?
Can the soul be really free?
Has substance really two,
Or one reality?
Do you know the why and wherefore
You are here? I tell you therefore,
You're a lucky girl;
(Wish I were lucky too)
Your brain's not awhirl:
Too good to be true.
Maybe it's because you study,
Maybe that's what I should do.

MARY DOLAN, '34.



COLLEGE CALENDAR

THE COLLEGE OPENING Friday morning, September 18, marked the formal opening of the College. After Mass, Dr. Dillon addressed the student body and welcomed, in particular, the new Freshmen.

JUNIOR-FRESHMAN LUNCHEON This luncheon, the time-honored opening event of the social season, was a high success. It served to cement the friendship between the two classes which was begun by correspondence during the summer.

FIRST U. A. MEETING Meetings of the Undergraduate Association were resumed in October. They are being conducted by Eleanor Hennessy, this year's U. A. President, who is being assisted in her duties by Vice-President Josephine McKeon, Secretary Beatrice Mackinnon, and Treasurer Agnes Toner.

SOPHOMORE RECEPTION OF FRESHMEN The custom initiated last February, which abolished hazing as it had existed up to then, was followed this September. Accordingly, the Sophomores received the Freshmen and introduced them into the intricacies of college life, quietly and formally. On November 6, the U. A. was entertained by the talent discovered in this Freshman class, for '35 has responded nobly to the efforts of '34.

RELIGION COMMITTEE The Committee has resumed its custom of morning and noon prayers on the balcony, and of between-hour prayers in the corridors. Most of the College seems to appreciate these opportunities to "stay a while" and prayers are always well attended.

First Fridays are observed by celebration of Mass and by Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. Girls who volunteer as an Honor Guard, watch before the Blessed Sacrament during the entire day, and anyone is privileged to make a visit.

THE SENIOR PROM The Seniors are looking forward eagerly to the big event of the year, the Senior Promenade. Mary Whelan, the chairman, announces that it is to be held at the Hotel New Yorker on the night of December 28.

THE JUNIOR PROM A busy and enthusiastic committee, headed by Sadie Naylor, is already working on arrangements for '33's great social event. The Junior Promenade is to be held at the College, on December 30. It will, as usual, be a closed affair.

GERMAN CLUB Plans for the year were discussed at the club's first meeting, held on Monday, October 13, and it was announced that a German play is to be presented in G. A. sometime before Christmas. Members have been promised that they will learn the words and tunes of the new German waltz "hits," and, what is even more up to the minute, will receive letters from Miss Trunz during her stay in Germany.

SERENADEERS The Serenaders entertained the U. A. on Friday, October 9, with violin selections which were very well received. They plan to continue as they did last year—playing at the College social functions, and, in addition, they are to give a concert of their own.

CERCLE MOLIERE The French Club will continue to carry on with their usual annual production, which has become a much-anticipated school event. The doings within the club are entrusted to a committee of five who will plan entertainment for the members. The Committee hopes to include several talks by French lecturers, and has arranged for the club to meet informally at luncheon every two weeks, in addition to the regular meetings.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY The officers who will direct the Society's activities this year are: Anne McCormack, President; Laura Fournier, Vice-President; Suzanne Martin, Secretary, and Sue Swanton, Treasurer. A new system has been adopted in regard

to the regular meetings, which are now for members of the Society only. Miss Casey, who coached last year's production and who will also handle this year's, has been lecturing on dramatic technique and stage management.

GLEE CLUB The Glee Club now holds its meetings on Wednesday instead of Friday. Plans are already under way for another original musical comedy to be presented this year. The success of last year's production was so encouraging that the members are very enthusiastic about this phase of their activities. The new officers of the club, Katherine Kelly, President, Irene Costarino, Secretary, and Eleanor Foley, Librarian, assure us that this year's performance will equal if not excel that of last year.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION "Athletics" is busy arranging its schedule for the coming basketball season, to say nothing of the plans for hockey. The Rifle Squad, too, is warming up and promises to be shooting in great style.

Frances Dieckert, President of the Athletic Association, is now conducting meetings for members of the Association alone, and announces that no one is required to pay Athletic dues except those who wish to be considered members and to attend the regular closed meetings.



ALUMNAE NOTES

OFFICERS The Alumnae have as their new officers Mary Camper McGinnis, '25, President; Margaret Normile, '27, Vice-President; Mary Keller, '28, Secretary; Elinor Woods, '28, Financial Secretary; Marie O'Shea, '28, Treasurer.

WEDDINGS On July 4, Viola Hearn, '24, was married to Lieutenant Arleigh Bell, U. S. A. Katherine Normile, '27, became the bride of Charles Mylod on July 15, and on October 1, Marian Packert, '28, was married to Edward Buckley. Grace Byrne, '21, was married on October 17 to Harry Hill.

BIRTHS Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bogan (Agnes Hearn, '25) announced the birth of a son, Charles, Jr., on July 15.

RELIGIOUS Emily O'Meara, '25, was received into the Carmelite Order on October 15.

PROFESSIONAL Katherine Lavery, '28, who was appointed to Abraham Lincoln High School in September, headed the Stenography and Typewriting list for the city.

Marie Mulligan, Catherine Carrington, Marie Rickerby, Marian Myers, Edith Stanley, Laura Brennan, Margaret Lavery, Marie Ward, Genevieve Oliver and Anne Stokes, all of '31, are attending Brooklyn Secretarial School; Janet Prendergast, '31, is at Ellsworth with Mary Hodges and Julia McDonald of '31.

The famous team, Marino and Venezia, known as "the two Mary's," is its usual busy self. Mary Marino, '31, is doing clerical work in the office of Bushwick High School, and Mary Venezia, '31, is teaching Junior High School classes at P. S. 148.

Marguerite Doyle, '30, is teaching English and Latin in Bushwick High School. Geraldine McMahon, '31, is teaching typewriting and stenography at Bushwick.

Margaret Ferry, '31, is now taking a well-earned six-months' rest before she starts studying for her M.A. at Columbia.

Ann Kenny, '29, is taking a course in Library Science at Pratt Institute.

Miss Cecilia Trunz sailed this Fall for Germany, where she is studying for her Ph.D.



THE WATCHWORD—GUIDANCE

 "SN'T it bewildering? Did you think college would be like this?" What Freshman has not uttered some such thought during the first few months of her collegiate life? How often has she wished for the good old high-school days when life was a simple thing—so easily understood?

This is but the first of the many difficulties that crop up during her four years at college. She experiences any number of confusing emotions and becomes the battleground of countless disturbing reactions. Then, at the termination of her course, she is faced with the problem of choosing and entering upon some definite life work.

At the suggestion of our Dean, Reverend William T. Dillon, J.D., the Advisory Committee of the Alumnae was formed with a view toward lightening the undergraduate's burdens by friendly advice, and by assisting her in the choice of a career. The Committee consists of The Dean, the Freshman faculty adviser, Miss Elinor Woods, Chairman, and a small group of Alumnae members, who, upon hearing the plan, volunteered their services.

The Committee does not aim to have a panacea for all ills, but it does hope to make the way a bit less irksome by giving guidance in collegiate problems and by assembling occupational information regarding the opportunities existing in the business

world. They have set about to accomplish this two-fold aim in a very practical way. They met the February Freshmen socially, and made themselves available at stated times, should anyone desire advice. Then, to make their plan efficient and effective, the committee members have investigated the occupations open to college women. They have many valuable findings regarding the status, the salary, and the opportunities now possible in such fields as law, medicine, advertising, journalism, teaching in all its phases, social service, commercial work, and personnel management.

During the coming year, two members of the committee will be present in the Alumnae Room, on the first and third Fridays of each month, at four o'clock, ready to assist anyone who feels she needs their viewpoint or their guidance, be she Graduate or Undergraduate; whether she comes simply for a friendly chat on some phase of collegiate life, or for a more weighty discussion of some vocational problem.

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LORIA



February, 1932







Loria

*St. Joseph's College for Women
Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Loria

VOL. IX.

FEBRUARY, 1932.

No. 2.

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MONGET

IERRE and Marie Laserre jogged along in the ox-cart on their way to the river. The road was dusty and full of holes, but Marie sat up stiffly on her high seat, balancing her large basket of clothes on her knees.

All along the way they had to stop for the fat, waddling geese or the impudent pigs who persisted in getting under the wheels. Thus by the time they reached the river most of the women were already there, washing the clothes of all the inhabitants of Monget.

Suzanne Castinet, the newly married, was already finished and had piled the white linen on her scrubbing board and was wiping the river mud from her wooden shoes on the tall sweet grass. Marie Laserre had known these women all her life and this washday was just a social gathering to them all. It was here, over their heavy homespun linen, that births, marriages and deaths were discussed. Nothing escaped. Possible marriages were discussed before the young people in question were going to school; babies were talked of before the couple were married and deaths were discussed at all times. Today the question at hand was marriage. Naturally, when Marie arrived, her little girl, six, was brought into the conversation. Surely Louisette would marry Jean Baptiste Lalanne! They were made for each other. The mother warmed to the discussion—beamingly assenting. Yes, they both came from very good families! The Lannans had plenty of land and were one of the most refined families of the village. They said the boy was a clever little chap; already he wanted to help his father in the fields, but Marie was worried about her own Louisette. True, she had

promising looks and she learned quickly, but she was moody and inclined to solitude and often seemed aloof from the children as well as from the grownups. All this worried her mother. It would not do to have a wishy-washy daughter with no backbone at all. Marie's confidence in her child psychology was great—but she did not call it child psychology. Yes, everyone agreed that it certainly was an ideal match. And so from the first they were designated for each other.

Always they were pushed together. Always people would tease Jean Baptiste about it. He learned his lesson early, and when the priest would come to visit the Lalannes and would ask the little boy what he was going to do when he grew up, he would stick out his little chest and answer loudly, "I am going to marry Louisette!" However, it was Louisette who perplexed everyone. In spite of the fact that Marie Laserre gave her daughter long discourses on the virtues of Jean Baptiste, the duties of a wife, and the responsibilities of marriage, Louisette seemed hardly interested. She didn't act normal, her mother thought. When she should have been learning how to weave, she was reading or lying idly under the big willow by the stream. Marie didn't give up hope, though. She was sure that the good sense of strong peasant ancestry would make itself evident soon in Louisette.

And so the years went by, and everyone took the marriage for granted. They were made for each other everyone repeated. This was nothing new. Marriages were not made in heaven; they were made in Monget. Most of the weddings that took place had been subtly pre-arranged by the mothers, various aunts and cousins. In fact, a girl felt rather out of things if someone were not already chosen for her. As for the boy—his father had seen fit to take the advice of his elders—and after all, one girl would make just as good a wife as another. It became tradition, a sort of obligation, to marry the girl that the village thought best suited to you. True, some broke away, some refused, some trod their own paths, but these exceptions only confirmed the rule.

Thus, this special understanding between Jean Baptiste and Louisette was more firmly welded each year, although Jean Baptiste had not as yet spoken his part to Louisette. Louisette had not changed. She still had that far away look in her eyes. It was hard to interest her in fat, rosy babies, in the mysteries of making sausage, in the intricacies of lace-making. Don't misunderstand, she was not ignorant of these, but she did not show the eagerness that was becoming to a girl so soon eighteen. She seemed most happy when she could help in the fields, and she was almost ecstatic when on rare occasions her father allowed her to plow.

No one understood her. No one tried to. Her family just gradually grew philosophical about her as long as they could not succeed in changing her. However, this eerie quality, this halo of mystery, which seemed to surround her did not make Louisette unattractive. In fact, the boys all admired her in a sort of worshipful way. Most of them were afraid of her because she was so different, but there were some bold few who did their best to arouse her interest in them. However, they all stood back for Jean Baptiste.

The Lalanne farm was adjoining the Lasalle property, which was very convenient to Jean Baptiste. It was he who walked Louisette home from corn-husking. It was he who showed her the best hiding places for chestnuts. It was he who came and carried her baskets of peas in from the fields. It was he who bought her wool for her knitting when she needed it. In fact, it seemed as though he could not do enough for her. She was for him a saint. He wished to save her hands from roughening. He did not wish her to carry heavy loads or to work hard in the fields. In his own way he wished her, literally, to sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam.

It was a day late in February when about twenty of the neighbors were at the Lalanne's to celebrate the pig killing. The affair had gone beautifully. The pig, in all its pink splendor, hung gracefully from the ceiling by its hind legs. The guests had eaten and drunk all afternoon, and were now lazily playing

cards. Jean Baptiste was going to get the cows and he asked Louisette to come with him. Louisette was in especially high spirits that day and laughed gaily at all Jean Baptiste's jokes. She ran elfin-like from him, jumping from stone to stone in the brook, hiding behind big trees and popping out unexpectedly. He had never seen her so lovely—now was the time!

"Louisette, when will you be my wife?"

Louisette stopped short, an ethereal look came into her eyes. She seemed no longer mortal. In soft dreamy tones she said almost pleadingly, "Jean Baptiste, I cannot marry you. I would not make you happy. You don't live in my world. You don't hear the fairies laughing in the brook. You don't see the stars close their eyelids in the morning. You don't watch the moonlight caress the earth. Don't you see, Jean Baptiste, that it cannot be?"

Jean Baptiste did not see. He could not understand. But what he did understand was that she would not marry him. That was enough. He could not tell her that he loved her like the sun on the new lain hay, like the soft gentle rain on the thirsty earth. He did love her though, dumbly, sensibly. And now it seemed that all the sweetness of life had been snatched from him. He had never doubted that she would marry him! He had never even wondered.

Stumblingly, silently, they found their way back to the house. Louisette was sorry for him, but in a far, remote, impersonal way. He would forget soon. Soon he would marry plump, rosy, bustling Ernestine and have fifteen fat children.

The next day Louisette's mother went to town and Louisette had to keep house. She had not entirely forgotten the happenings of the day before, but she was only dimly aware that she had hurt Jean Baptiste. While she went to take wine to the men who were cutting wood in the forest nearby, her brother Leon came home from school. He had brought a friend of his, Gerard, with him. They had come for apples. Leon put a small piece of paper down on the rough wooden table. "You know, Gerard, I

think it's horrid of the teacher to make us learn a poem for the exercises Friday—even if the inspector is coming."

"Which one do you have, Leon?"

"Oh, I don't know. It is there, you can look at it. Some stupid poem by some stupid poet. I suppose my sister would like it. She's always reading some silly stuff like that." The boring subject of poems was dropped and the boys departed munching their apples noisily.

Since the night before Jean Baptiste had learned what suffering was. He had not known how acute the pain of disappointment in love could be. He must have Louisette! He would ask her again. He would beg her. He would plead with her. She would learn to love him some day. And he would learn to understand her language, learn to understand her thoughts. She would love him! He was determined to try again, but he was almost afraid. He could bear that insufferable pain in his chest, when he had had pneumonia, but he could not bear the pain of last night again.

When Louisette had gone out she had left the door ajar, so when Jean Baptiste arrived, he walked in hesitatingly. Just as he got inside Louisette returned. She came in the door slowly, her eyes seeing something very far away and her ears listening to the silence.

"Oh, Jean Baptiste . . ." she faltered.

He said nothing.

"Is there anything you wanted?"

"What? Oh no, I must be going."

She wondered what he had come for but the question, unanswered, seemed to intrigue her scarcely at all. She must set the table. The men would be coming in soon. Absentmindedly she picked up the paper on the table. What could it be? She read it. It was beautiful, beautiful! She had never read anything so lovely. Jean Baptiste must have brought it—it must be his. That was why he had acted so queerly. How she had misjudged him. She had hurt him—he who had a more poetic soul than she could

ever hope to have. She was ashamed of the things she had said to him, to Jean Baptiste, who was so truly made for her as people said. How little they knew!

It was getting dark and it was beginning to snow. She ran blindly out into the cold air. Her only thought was to find him. She found him near his house walking so slowly, he who always hurried!

"Jean—Jean Baptiste," she cried. Her voice trembled in excitement, in joy. She was radiant, beseeching, adoring.

"Forgive me, I love you."

Jean Baptiste did not understand but he quickly grasped for this unexpected joy, unquestioningly, eagerly.

"You love me? You do love me, Louisette? You will marry me?"

She went to his house with him and plans for the wedding were made before she could say a word. Finally she went home. She would come back after she had given the men their supper, she said. Jean Baptiste hated to see her go even for those few minutes.

She ran home. The stars were opening their eyes. Perhaps the early moon mother was wakening them. At last she could tell someone of her dreamings. She would be no longer alone.

As she entered the house she could hear Leon making a big rumpus. But then he always did. He greeted her noisily.

"Sister, where is my poem? I left it on the table. Mlle. Lasanne said that if I lost it I could not be in the exercises . . ."

"Your poem, Leon? It was your poem?" she asked stupidly.

"The poem that I am to recite when the inspector comes. I left it on the table. Didn't you see it?"

"Yes, it is here," she answered hoarsely. She took it out of her bodice and gave it to him and went outside.

She married Jean Baptiste soon after and as they were leaving the church Suzanne Castinet explained to her husband that they were made for each other.

MARTHE QUINOTTE, '34.

THE SEARCH



YEAR passes, cut down in its winter by the death stroke of time; a soul departs forever from this sphere, set free by the mysterious sweep of the same phantom reaper. But, is that a death stroke? For me nature blooms more gloriously every year, while that soul has gained the immortal freedom it has always desired.

I wonder at nature's perennial youth, at her hoary age, at man's importance in the world despite his apparent insignificance when compared with nature.

Through it all I feel like a small sloop on a waste sea becalmed in the deadly stillness that precedes the storm; the gray sky bearing down on me from every point of the horizon, not a ship in sight and I—unable to do anything but wait. Wherever I turn, whatever I do, there is somewhere in my consciousness, like a vague shadow, a question, irrepressible yet very seldom put into words—Why all this struggle? What is this thing called life?

Like so many mute instruments in a gigantic orchestra, we await the artist's touch to call forth an adequate melody. In wondering silence, we gaze at the still whiteness of a first snowfall, in awe at the fury of a summer tempest. A sorrowful query is choked in our throat as we watch the anguish of a dear friend, a desolate wail when one whom we love is torn from us by death.

In all ages these questions have been felt and asked, and though answered time and again, they have never been fully answered; the queries tumbling from the lips of a wide-eyed cherub kneeling at his mother's knee, the pointed questions of eager, serious students, the moans of a pain-wracked soul. A vagueness, a question we can't fully express, resolve themselves into something for which we are searching.

Who are we? We mortals struggling for existence during a brief visit to earth; unheralded in our coming, disappearing completely at our departure—creatures chained to earth by the physical laws governing our existence here, but beings god-like

in our flights to the world of our own making—those ideal climes where, be we beggar or king, our soul finds contentment for the timeless extent of a daydream.

Transcending the limits of time and space, I soar to undreamed heights, like an eagle in flight swooping down upon the object of its desire, encompassing it, no matter how small, and resolving to return if that object is not obtained.

Is it something tangible I seek—some treasure hidden in the caverns of the earth or buried with the ancients or carefully guarded by the heavens?

When I stand on a smooth, green hilltop wrapped in contemplation of the starry heavens, scarcely aware of the gentle breeze fanning my feverish body and wafting to my senses the sweet perfume of a dewy meadow, I am scarcely of this world. On fleet wings, I have sped through heaven's midnight blue to pick a sparkling star blossom, and on into the studded meadows of the sky where the silver mist of the moon bathes everything in a pale glow. Overcome by the splendor of it all, I must return to my earthly dwelling with a few definite images, but with a feeling of having communed with the infinite.

Again, when through the blinding tears of sorrow, I see the smile of a friend warming a cheerless heart like the sun after the storm, I catch a glimpse of something—of the infinite power which is all perfection and all love.

Perhaps, tonight the stars are hidden beneath the clouds, my friend may be gone. My life need not be void; I have caught its beauty in two experiences and at will I can call forth the images from their chamber and re-live their beauty. At times the slightest incident may prove the gateway to this other world of dreams: the flap of a sail, the cry of a bird, the sad song of the sea. There, in the peace of a few seconds even the sufferer can find contentment, at times seeing a greater depth of beauty with eyes from which the veil of nonessentials has been drawn.

Are we trying to escape reality or are we desirous of perfecting our souls as well as our bodies—in our journeys to the ideal world? From the glowing spark of the soul has been

kindled a dream world of haunting melodies, beautiful blendings of color and magnificent structures of utility; not from the physically perfect brute, nor from the intricately formed plant but from suffering, struggling, toiling humanity, physically weak but mentally titanic.

In our questioning desire for perfection we reach out to fundamentals, "feeling like inheritors of all previous existence when we have found them." But to share our knowledge according to our nature as a social being, we must present it as a picture of a sensible object. As Emerson has said, "we all have the power of communicating thus, but the artist has it to a far greater degree, in his hands, as well as his mind. If we could break the silence which seals our lips in moments of vision, we, too, would be poets and artists. We differ not in experience but in the art of using facts." To some, a tiny blossom represents a complete minute world, while to others, it merely exhales a delicate perfume from a pretty form. To some, the desire for a new thought is an aim for action but when they get the new thought they find it is an old one dressed in different clothes. When in a homely classic we find our thoughts put into words, we are surprised as if coming upon old friends; pondering on the scene that the meeting recalls, the treasures we have stored up become doubly dear because they were all our own from the very beginning.

Somewhere, beyond all the vagueness, this truth tainted with error, there must burn an eternal fire so absolutely magnificent that its glow pierces even the darkest clouds, drawing countless souls toward it as drops of moisture are drawn to the sun. As we progress, our minds become clearer on the relationships essential to all beings; we do not have to escape to the world of fancy to enjoy the perfection we seek. Using the principles we have found in the study of being, may we find a little of the warmth of truth, beauty and love in this life making each day more real and more liveable.

MARY QUINN, '32.

WOMANHATER



LEONARD, commonly known as Ticky, peered suspiciously up and down the street from behind the front door, eased his elongating frame out and started morosely down the walk, kicking the bits of ice which had escaped the chopper. Kick! out went his foot. All this fuss for a bunch of his sister's friends! Plop! went another piece—a bunch of fourteen-year-old kids who ought to be playing with dolls instead of visiting around, putting him to a lot of trouble. Bang! an unusually stubborn piece started on its flight. Margie was only a kid herself. Last year, she'd followed him around and pestered him to take her wherever he went. Now she gave teas. Mom was just as bad. First he had to shovel the walks all around the house, and now he had to get some powdered sugar for icing for their old cakes, and then, cruelest blow of all, he'd have to walk the little ladies home at five-thirty, for "it gets dark so early these nights." Yeah, he wished it'd get so dark that they'd all fall and break their necks.

A grin lit up his features at this cheering hypothesis and he ran smack into Gerry who was swinging ice-skates by the strap.

"Going skating?" he asked resentfully. That's where he'd be, only for those girls. "Gonna go tonight?"

"Sure," said Gerry, exhibiting the skates. "Er, say Ticky, I was wondering—"

"Whaddya want?"

"Oh nothing. Not much. Say, do you think it'll be cold enough for skating tomorrow again?"

"Sure." Ticky was puzzled. Was everybody getting funny? Here was Gerry, evidently ill at ease and making talk.

"Say, Ticky!" said Gerry suddenly. He swung the skates with all his might, took off his cap, ran his hands through his hair, and continued in an off-hand manner with an air of attempted nonchalance, "Your sister's having a tea this afternoon, isn't she?"

"Yep."

"Kay Doyle'll be there, won't she? I mean, do you know if she's going?"

Ticky stared in shocked amazement. Gerry's face had assumed the color usually attributed to tomatoes and he was busily fixing his skate strap.

"What time will they be coming home? You see, I'll be coming home from skating and I have to pass your place and so I might as well walk home with Kay. She lives near me. Mrs. Doyle is awful nervous anyhow when Kay stays out after dark."

Restraining himself with a noble effort, Ticky walked away in disgusted silence, his feelings a mixture of indignation and pity. The poor fish! Had to pass his house, his eye! It was at least two blocks out of his way. And this anxiety about Mrs. Doyle. Why, he'd hated her since she made such a fuss about the broken window.

He walked into Muller's, ordered two pounds of sugar, pocketed the change, and turned home again, a lank picture of freckled indignation. Entering the back way, he moodily laid the package on the kitchen table and said with the air of an early Christian, "Here's the stuff you sent me for, Mom." In need of consolation, he decided to repair to the cellar to inspect his half-built model aeroplane. He had been there exactly five minutes when his mother's voice, raised in no mild tones, told him that he had gotten granulated sugar instead of powdered, had delayed the cake and hence the tea, was a stubborn and irresponsible boy, and was sadly in need of attention from his father. Ticky, too crushed to vouchsafe a reply to this final injustice, slowly left via the back door, climbed the back fence to avoid any encounters with early guests, and tore his pants on a spike of the fence.

Coming home with the powdered sugar, he contemplated substituting arsenic, which according to the best authorities, was identical in appearance to sugar. This plan was hindered by the fact that no arsenic was available at that time. However, Ticky, his world tumbling about his ears, decided to fire one last shot in its honor, to defend those principles by which he had lived during the past fifteen years. He'd walk them home all right, but

he'd walk them home dumb as a stone. Not one word would he say. Gerry could have his Kay and stutter and stammer all the way home, but he, Leonard Brendan Tacon, would never make such a fool of himself.

At five-thirty, Ticky, wearing a victorious and congratulatory grin, appeared to escort the five damsels home. He started out a little in front of them, with every appearance of enjoying himself, much to the amazement and growing discomfort of his mother and sister.

Next day, Marge appeared at the dinner table with the air of one who contains herself with great difficulty. Daintily selecting an olive, she began:

"No, you don't like girls much, do you? Not much you don't!"

Ticky, immediately putting himself on the defensive by years of bitter experience, but feeling rather self-satisfied because of his little contretemps of yesterday, said tolerantly, "Whaddaya mean?"

"You never went out with them before, did you? Not much."

Ticky, with ineffable, masculine contempt for feminine chatter, busied himself with his soup.

"Mama, all the girls think he's just lovely. They think he's about twenty. They said that he was so bored with them that he never said a word—they think—"

Ticky jumped up, horrified. "Mom, are you gonna allow her to say that? I don't believe a word of it. She's making it all up."

Upstairs in his room, his soul filled with a bitter resentment. Gosh, what could a fellow do? If you ignored them, they liked it. So they thought he was just lovely, did they? Ticky stared at himself in the mirror. Gee, he had better get some vaseline for his hair. It certainly was a sight, sticking up like that.

ELIZABETH GEGAN, '33.

ON ANGELS



NGELS—what is an angel, anyway? Hmm—the catechism says angels are pure spirits without any bodies. Maybe they are, but that is not very descriptive. It does not make them very real or vital.

What is your idea of an angel? Is it something dressed in filmy, flowing garments, with bits of blue heaven for a sash, clouds about its feet, with starry eyes, and hands clasped like the pictures in Biblical history? Or is it just a Christmas tree angel? Those funny pink and blue ones made of gauze and paper, which float dizzily from the topmost branches, heady with the perfume of the pine; with their wings awry, or their eyes too close together and their features blurred. I guess those cross-eyed half-comic angels were almost the first angels any of us knew.

But there are marble angels and wax angels; angels of mercy and angels of love, real flesh and blood ones; there are angels of beauty and angels of hell; and best of all there are the guardian angels, who are the angels of nations, of men and of me.

God, we are told, created nine choirs of angels—Seraphim, Cherubim, Thrones, Virtues, Archangels and Angels, Dominations, Principalities and Powers. Awful names! But angels are not awe-inspiring, they are friendly, really. Except, perhaps, the legion doomed to Eternal Death. But they are so exceedingly ugly and loathsome and so forever prodding into my business that in punishment for their egoistic intrusions I shan't even mention them.

The bad angels having been disposed of in hell, where are all the good ones? What a question! Have you not noticed? Well, I'll tell you.

One afternoon, not very long ago, I slipped very quietly into a tiny, deserted church, and as I genuflected, I caught the faintest odor of incense. I was sure there had been no Benediction that day. Whence that surreptitious whiff of burning spices? Why, the censer of the angels, of course! After all, the church

was deserted and Christ must not be left alone. Now, when I go to church, I am a bit awed but very comforted to know someone is helping me with my adoring and is there when I cannot be.

But all good angels are not in churches. There are real flesh and blood ones. Ministering angels, I think they are called, dressed—no matter how—in grey or white—meticulously clean and freshly starched. They all have magical soothing powers, cool hands and perhaps a clinging odor of antiseptic. Their footsteps are light, brisk; they tell you when to sleep, and how much to talk; they know the flowers one kind visitor brought you are too heady but that you'll keep the violets with the special card, in your room, thanks; they know when your lips are parched and when you are to take your medicine. One not understandable thing about these angels is the way they let babies cry their lungs out, and don't bat an eyelash.

However, life would not be worth living without flesh and blood angels, even if they are human enough to be callous. It is the earthly angels who smooth our paths with helping hands; make life bright with pleasant surprises; tell us how nice we are; cheer us when we are blue; calm us when we are angry, or lend us a shoulder to weep on. I suspect I am thinking of my mother. What would any angel essay be without her? She, like Mary, the angel mother of Christ, and all mankind, is the bright star twinkling in my blue heaven, teaching me aspiration, helping me to build citadels—with foundations.

With protectors I am twice blessed, for God has also given me not only a mother but my own special guardian angel. When I was in the first grade of grammar school, our kind nun once told her pupils to sit a bit to the left in the bench and leave some space on the seat for the guardian angel! "Filling kids' ears with trash and sentimental tripe," some might term her spiritual fancy! Maybe it was all that, but it was then that angels, for me, became vital things, and guardian angels, especially, lost their airy, floating abstractness and took on personality.

I know now that there is a guardian angel beside me—always—to talk to when I am lonely, to counsel and warn me in

time of temptation, to protect me from harm and to help me tread a firm and straight path to a goal of which he ever reminds me. My guardian angel must become dreadfully weary, his patience must be sorely tried by my continual mistakes and by the eternal quibbling with my "dark" angel, who also keeps watch. But he knows, the good one, I mean, that although I often tease him, I love him the better. Who would not love him the better? His wings are not horny, prodding your conscience when you have fallen; his wings are softly white and feathery, soothing your soul when it is feverish with struggle, beckoning you onward to the glory of righteousness of which he is the continual reflection.

Perhaps this seems fantastically absurd and a little over-imaginative? But it is not, if you stop to think. It is not impossible for angels to walk with men. When Tobias of the Old Testament asked God for a guide on his journey, he prayed and "going forth, found a beautiful young man, standing girded, and as it were ready to walk." There is also the account of Raphael, and the three young men who were miraculously preserved from burning in the furance of the pagan king; and the story of the angel who liberated St. Peter from prison. But I do not want to be theological, I just want to remember that there are angels. We are all a little forgetful, and they are such exquisitely beautiful themes for meditation. Now that you have stopped to think, have you not woven a little romance about angels, too? Then forgive me.

I could go on forever—because there are angels, and angels—earthly angelics and angelic earthlies—bringing beauty and joy, a touch of heaven and a great amount of balance to this "ol' debil worl'"—and that is doing a lot. Yes—there are angels—and angels—and angels—and I like them.

IRENE COSTARINO, '33.



ARSENIC



HIS is a tale of two men—not “men who are men,” as in the brave Western stories of old, not noble characters, certainly not heroes in short—just men. One never classed them together until the event that caused so much merriment in Morristown. After that, the sight of one recalled the other.

They were typical country people. Both measurably happy, untroubled by the necessity of work, and unburdened by matrimonial cares. True, Abner Cronin was not wealthy, but freedom from connubial bliss freed him also from monetary worries. He worked spasmodically, loafing until he felt his resources coming to an end, when he again occupied himself as a “handy man.”

John Bartholomew, “Bart” to the neighbors, was the sole survivor of a marriage that had been successful only in material gain. His father had died when John was sixteen, and his mother, with the vindictive haste that had characterized her, speedily followed him, giving him no rest, even in the grave. This unhappy background, no doubt, prevented Bart from following the example of his friends, as one after the other married and took up the serious business of life. Now he was rapidly approaching a fat and happy—with reservations—forty. The fact that he was not entirely happy as was his custom, may be traced to the youthful Julie, who regarded him tolerantly, but in no romantic light. He was a good “catch,” the wealthiest man for miles around; but Julie was young, and craved romance.

Abner Cronin, on the other hand, was thinner than any self-respecting skeleton would dream of being. His graying hair stood erect on his head, and he grinned incessantly. Because of his freedom and lackadaisical nature, he believed himself to be envied by at least half the married men in the town, and whenever one of them seemed especially careworn or harrassed, he was fond of saying:

“Wife troubling you again? Arsenic will cure her, my boy.

"Yes sir, sure cure," followed by an inane chuckling, that added nothing to his popularity.

It was on a clear star-lit evening in early autumn that Bart decided to tell Julie of his aspirations, and beg her to join her life with his. He dressed carefully, meanwhile rehearsing long speeches full of flowery phrases to an imaginary Julie. However, later, at the sight of his lovely inspiration, all his oratory deserted him, and for a while they talked desultorily of the trivial affairs and gossip of the village, while inwardly Bart became more and more nervous. Finally he cleared his throat as though to make easier the pathway for his words, and with a desperate air, plunged into speech.

"Julie, I—I like you terribly. I—you—I wish—" He stopped horrified. Could it be? Julie, laughing, at him? Alas, it was true. There was an anguished silence, and then,

"O Bart—you are so—so funny," she gasped, at the sight of his expression. Abruptly, John Bartholomew descended the porch steps and walked away, forgetful of his hat and cane. When he reached his home, he stood and gazed at the stars that were to have witnessed his triumph and joy, and which only saw his bitter disappointment. This blow to his vanity was too much. He would find another, a better, to taunt Julie, to hurt her as cruelly as she had hurt him. And so, mournfully, he crept into his room, and to bed—but not to sleep. He thought vainly, but not one in the village could compare with the girl who had laughed at his love. He would go away. Still planning, he fell asleep.

A brilliantly sunny morning would have dispelled his anger, but the gray day with fitful gusts of rain was sufficient to hold any blue mood. Recollection merely enhanced the injury to his pride. His housekeeper was away too, and the breakfast served him was neither appetizing nor properly served. The morning paper proved a bore, and he flung it aside in despair and gazed morbidly at the floor. After a time he found his eyes resting on a page in which he had never had the slightest interest. A strange plan came to him, but he discarded it with little thought.

As he had not changed his position and his eyes still rested on the paper, the thought came back ever and anon, until finally he came to believe in it as a possible solution. Picking up the paper, he perused the columns of the "Marriage Bureau." Ah—there was one—. He read it again, and impetuously wrote an answer to it. Fearful lest he regret this hasty move, he walked to the post office and mailed the note.

Julie, too, had spent an almost sleepless night, and the following morning she called at the Bartholomew house—ostensibly to return John's hat and cane. She found him in a strange mood. Curiously, he did not seem astonished at seeing her. Her errand he treated casually, and her apologies he dismissed as of little importance.

His abruptness left her little choice but to leave at once. Safely in her room she lay down to sob but Bart could not know that. He had hurt her, he knew—and he rejoiced.

Already he was beginning to regret the rash impulse that had made him behave so unconventionally as to write to the "Marriage Bureau," but a few days later a letter and a photograph arrived. He opened the package first, and his heart stood still. Such a ravishing creature he had never beheld.

Julie was forgotten, as he reveled in the beauty before him. Somehow he knew that the lovely wavy hair was of a bronze hue, glinting with gold in the sunlight. The brows were straight and level. Long lashes encircled large dark eyes. Her mouth was prettily formed, her teeth even and her chin adorably round and cleft. Bart loved a cleft in a chin. Julie had one and there was the shadow of a dimple at one corner of her mouth.

The note was brief, and was signed simply "Marie," with a box number for its sole address.

Bart did not hesitate as he answered the note. All the exquisite phrases he had planned to say to Julie returned to him, and he wrote on and on. He found it much easier to address a loved one on paper. Accompanying his letter he sent a check to cover her travelling expenses from Greensville to Morristown.

It was not until the letter had been mailed that he remem-

bered that he had not mentioned his own appearance, nor how she would recognize him. Hastily he walked to the station, and after biting his pencil to pieces, he composed a telegram: "Will wear white rose. Take train arriving here five-ten Tuesday."

But John Bartholomew had reckoned without the station-master. What! Bart sending telegrams about white roses to an unknown lady, when his deep affection for Julie was known all over town. Impossible! And yet, here before him was the proof of perfidy to Julie. Mr. Brownley was sorely puzzled. Abner Cronin, entering just then, caught Brownley's expression of astonishment and came over to discover the trouble. Nor could he fathom the mystery. After much discussion Abner left, but he had scarcely gone, when he bounded back into the station.

"Here is the answer, Brownley," he cried, waving a diminutive blue letter aloft.

"Let's see," said Brownley, making a dash for it, and together they read Marie's note, which had dropped out of John Bartholomew's pocket. It was short, but even in its brevity it contained many facts. Brownley was even more astonished.

"The poor fool," he remarked.

Determined that Julie should not lose her happiness without some fight on their part, and that Bart should be taught a lesson, the two conspirators plotted and planned and when they parted there was much laughter. It was not without reason, that Mrs. Brownley that night became vexed at her husband's apparently foolish chuckling, and left him to himself.

* * * * *

Tuesday evening found Bart alone on the station, awaiting the 5:10 train. He was dressed carefully, and a white rose adorned his buttonhole. His nervousness was evident as he paced anxiously up and down the platform, until, with a loud whistle and a burst of steam, the train came in and stopped, to allow its few passengers to alight. Fortunately, only one of these was feminine, although Bart had thought he could not mistake the original of his photograph.

The lady looked around as though expecting someone, and

her eyes lighted as they beheld Bart approaching her. She was—well—older than he expected, though he could see only her mouth, as a short veil covered her eyes and nose, and her chin was snuggled into the fur of her collar. As she came closer, he noticed she seemed startled, and with an effort she managed to say faintly, “Are you Mr. Bartholomew?”

“I am,” answered Bart, and even as he spoke, there was a chorus of other “I am’s” behind him.

Dumfounded, Bart turned around and beheld a remarkable sight. There stood the men of the village, dressed, each according to his own taste, in the height of fashion. Each coat was adorned with a white rose.

“But—.” The lady spoke again and Bart turned to face her. “Which one of you is Mr. John Bartholomew, the man I am to marry?”

“I am,” answered Bart, but his voice was drowned by the chorus of “I am’s.”

To say that the lady was angry would be putting it mildly. She stormed at them furiously and would not listen to Bart’s faint expostulations. He tried his best—but it was a poor best. He had begun to doubt that luck of which he had always believed he owned the largest share. And to be found out so ignominiously by his neighbors was too much to bear. After a few minutes, he noticed that Abner, who had been the ring-leader of the group, was staring with a stricken face at the distortedly angry countenance of the stranger. He fidgeted and attempted to escape, but the lady grasped his arm and continued her tirade. Her words slackened their furious pace—slowed down almost to a stop—as she scanned more closely Abner’s agonized face.

“Abner!” she shrieked.

Then came his answer, “Marie!”

“So it is you, you wretch,” said Marie. “Why did you desert me on the day of our marriage?”

The oration continued, but no one remained to hear it save the luckless Abner.

Thereafter the two men of whom we have been speaking

could no longer be called similar. Bart is the proud father of an extremely youthful Julie. He seems to have no cares—his life is happier than he deserves, in our opinion. Poor Abner, however, is unmercifully henpecked by a grimly forbidding woman who had come to town on a very different errand (or perhaps not so different after all, since she had come for a man).

And if people sometimes laughed at Bart's pre-matrimonial escapade—his "wild oat" the townsfolk called it—the last laugh was always on Abner who had conceived the joke that ended so disastrously to himself. The men of the town no longer envied him—if indeed they ever had. And it was almost certain death to mention arsenic to him.

MILDRED KUHN, '34.



THE LIGHT



HE woman sounded extremely reassuring, as she spoke in quick, decisive tones. Almost anyone might have brightened under those words—words that carried a promise of wild, unbelievable joy—of hope!—almost anyone, except this quiet, old man. His answer, coming with polite and unmistakable calm, showed that he had long before ceased to hope, and that the words of the social worker held no promise for him. Fourteen long years of blindness had produced a sort of peculiar resignation in him, and he was not unhappy here at the Lighthouse, for people were kind, and there was always good work waiting to be done by his hands. The world to him now was just a fair and lovely place upon which he would never again look—a place grown a little remote with the years. And this woman was telling him that there was a chance that he might know light again. No, the others had said that before; but this woman was kind, and she probably believed what she was suggesting. No, he must catch none of her enthusiasm, for each new disappointment was a little harder to bear.

Several times, the young woman visited him, and each time it became more and more difficult for him to put down that little flicker of hope. It was even more difficult, now, since his daughter and grandchildren (he had never seen those grandchildren of his) shared the social worker's belief. His daughter had been visiting him at the Home, when the woman came, and the two had immediately joined forces.

In the end they won their point for the old man consented to try surgery once again. It was really only to satisfy them—but then there might be just the slightest little chance—perhaps this noted young surgeon—!

* * * * *

Weeks later, after the operation, he was still wavering between hope and the fear of hoping. He told himself that it would mean nothing to him now, after all the long night of

years, if again he were to be told that sight was denied him. After all, there would be so few years left now—. So few—and he had not seen his two grandchildren. He remembered the faces of children he had seen, and their outlines came to him dim and blurred across the years. Just one clear picture, in sunlight, of those two little heads he had touched so often—that would be worth much. But hope had come so often, and left each time such a bitter cup for him to drink—each time more bitter—that this time he felt he *must* not think of success. He blamed himself for having consented to this last operation. After all, he thought again, there could be so few years now.

He wished that he could treat the whole thing as something trivial and meaningless, and yet it loomed large and vital before him. It was getting harder to wait for the removal of the bandages.

And then one day they were removed, and all was black, as it had been . . . Life had gone much dimmer after the fierce flaming of his hope for a few short weeks. Things had become more tenuous. Even memory was fading now. The faces of the children from across the years were almost entirely gone . . .

MARGARET POWELL, '34.



Loria

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EDITORIALS

COME OUT

 LL the large universities, all the important men's colleges—and some that aren't so important—are talking about over-emphasis of collegiate athletics. It's in the air; you hear it everywhere. In fact, we've come to the conclusion that we'd like to start a modified version of "over-emphasis" on athletics in St. Joseph's.

Here we have a basketball team, a hockey team and a rifle squad. There are even riding classes organized, although we haven't heard of a polo team as yet. Everyone knows about these activities—knows that all are welcome to the basketball and hockey games and knows she'll see some action if she goes to

these games. We have good teams, we play good teams, we've got peppy cheer-leaders and a good court. All we need is the whole-hearted interest and support of the student body in our Athletics.

After all, the way to spread your name and fame is through outside contacts. One means of forming these contacts is through competitive sports. But if you're going to have a name, why not make it a real live one? Naturally a team does its best work when cheered on by an enthusiastic audience, but if your team must lose, how much better to have it go down to defeat to the accompaniment of consoling and sympathetic cheering from its own adherents rather than to the sound of the triumphant roars of its opponents.

But your team will win! With the college back of it, it's *got* to win. So, everybody, "Come out!"

FORUM

"How do you know?" "Where did you hear that?" "Who said so?" You're sure to hear such questions around school, and they are always accompanied by great wonder and some little chagrin. It seems that no matter how closely some people watch the bulletin boards or read the press notices, they are the last to hear new ideas, plans and discussions. We know a secret. They don't go to Forum.

It must be that a great percentage of the student body don't know just what Forum is. If they did, they'd never miss a meeting. With that in mind, we feel that the fairest thing to do is to tell them all about it. It's reasonable to believe that every girl is interested in the affairs of the College and that, because she is, she often finds things that seem all wrong to her and other things that call forth high praise. It may be that she sometimes wonders just how something is arranged or even has a suggestion for improvement. Her ideas may be personal, or representative of a group; they may be sweeping or picayune; they may be destructive or highly constructive—regardless, she wants to tell

them to somebody. Perhaps she has a question to ask about philosophy or ethics or religion. Maybe, after all, she is just interested in discussion which either has concrete results or give a reason for *not* having them. She has yet to get acquainted with Forum.

Forum is not a cure-all. It is just an informal meeting which admits of open discussion of any question concerning the college or the girls. Since this is its nature, many important changes and movements are born in Forum. In fact, so many things originate there that, to keep abreast of college life in St. Joseph's, the girls have got to attend Forum.



AS WE LIKE IT



ROGRESS—that's the idea all along the line. From the looks of things, we'd certainly never say there was a depression at St. Joe's. Why, look at the transformation which has taken place in the old auditorium. To tell the truth, when we heard about the plans to fix it up, we *were* a trifle skeptical and couldn't help wondering just *how* they were going to make it habitable. But did they? We should say! Well, we don't have to tell you how nice it is to curl up in a comfy chair and delve into your favorite periodical when you've just escaped from a Math or Ethics quiz; or how really soothing one finds it to tune in on one's favorite crooner when that History report will not be banished from one's mind. When you're sleepy, there are couches, when you've "nothing to do" there are plenty of magazines (did you notice, among others, the magazines from other schools?); when you've just gotten ten on a quiz, there's always dance music and when you're merely waiting for a History Club meeting, there are any number of low lights to settle under while you listen to Lowell Thomas. In fact, we have come to the conclusion that what St. Joe's really needed was "an old auditorium."

Say, speaking of Progress, and the History Club, we can't refrain from telling you about this. One of the members of that club became so interested in the topic she had chosen for a report that she requested that the date of its delivery be set ahead to allow for more research. Then she began her intensive study. Over a period of six months the young lady read seventy-six (76) books on her subject! Needless to add, she "panicked" her audience, who just couldn't hear enough. Which only goes to show that we're justified in losing some of the sympathy we felt for those Seniors who experienced difficulty in getting *ten* Ethics books read in six months. . . .

However, before you get too much worked up about this

“Progress” business, what do you think could be done about the two supposedly cynical Sophs we spied walking back from Ryerson’s one day? One held a tall glass full of cherry pudding and whipped cream (and who doesn’t know Ryerson’s cherry pudding and whipped cream) while the other stirred it vigorously with a teaspoon. When it seemed to have reached the proper state of “goppiness,” they proceeded to devour it with the “one for you, one for me” method. That may be “Progress”—but . . .

Anyhow, what’s the use of our trying to cheer you up and tell you there’s no depression around St. Joe’s, when things like this happen? The question of sensation was being taken up in Philosophy, and the ideas of sound, odor and taste were being concreted by examples.

“You know the ringing of a bell and the smell of a rose. An example of taste, please?”

How wasted this sterling opportunity to show one’s unawareness of the depression by illustrating with something like filet de pompano, or capon en casserole. But, no, our friend must needs say “Griddle cakes.” The unkind part lay in the fact that *we* dared not be high-hat, since it was *we* who persuaded her that C. S. B. H. Childs was the place to eat the night before, when she voted for Reuben’s!

The dances certainly haven’t looked “depressed,” though. It was amazing the number of new evening gowns one saw at the “Marine Grill.” And that was notwithstanding the fact that the Junior and Senior Proms were in the offing. Now, we hear that the Senior Prom was “one of the best dressed affairs ever seen,” and we *know* for a fact that the Juniors never looked more stunning than on that memorable night of December 30. And *who* didn’t notice the numbers of beautiful corsages—roses, gardenias, orchids—that graced the charming St. Josephites. And if you think they weren’t charming we wish you could have heard some of the men talk, as we did. Anyway, it looks as if everyone enjoyed the Promenades.

RITA HERZOG, '34.

PLAINT

WITH dread I see the dreams of childhood fade,
And young illusions falling into dust.
Why is it that as years progress we must
Change totally the scheme of things we've made?
For nearly every joy we've had we've paid—
The Treasury of Life accepts no trust;
And oftentimes we've had to bear the thrust
Of finding love and faith have been betrayed.

But still the race of Life must run its course,
The youth must ever spin his web of dreams.
And who can call experience a loss
Which tempers judgment in our future schemes?
—I'm not so cynical as it appears,
It's just the weather, Ethics, and Mid-years.

C. A. B., '32.

ON GETTING TO SLEEP

It may be nerves or a guilty conscience, but regardless of the cause, we are finding difficulty lately in embracing the ever-solacing sleep. Accordingly, we confided our trouble to some friends, and asked for advice. The multitudinous methods offered of wooing the god were rather startling—but since each devotee of the various systems swore to the efficacy of his particular one, we thought that surely we must find *one* that would succeed! And it was not long before we were able to test them. That very night we tossed and turned in frantic efforts to get to sleep. Suddenly, it occurred that we might try some of the kind advice we had received.

First, there was the old favorite, counting sheep, but our sheep insisted on jumping over the fence backwards, and when they took to turning somersaults in the air, and running off up-sidedown, we gave them up as a bad job!

Next, we tried relaxing. To do this correctly, and to get the best results, one must concentrate on each individual part of one's body in turn, and thus, by the power of mind over matter, the proper relaxed condition for sleeping is induced. This sounded fine and we started, after some more minutes of indecision, with our toes. Quite to our surprise, we succeeded, in a very little time, in having all ten of them under complete domination of the mind! Much encouraged and highly elated, we proceeded further. However, the elation was short-lived. Just as we were in the act of subjugating the right knee, the little toe of the left foot began to twitch—and we had to start all over again! This continued so long, and we became so tense in trying to relax (to say nothing of the severe inferiority complex acquired concerning the "power of the mind") that we decided, despairingly, to try just one more method!

The next advice had been "to close your eyes and try to see black; to make your mind a blank." Well, after our last experience, that seemed easy of accomplishment, and with a sigh we closed our eyes, tight.

"Black, black, black," we whispered, until at last there was black! Success! Then suddenly, from one corner of that precious black patch emerged a long white finger that stretched and grew larger and more ghastly, until the whole hand appeared—grasping—reaching for *something*!

With a cry, we threw ourself out of reach of that terrible, inhuman hand, and retreated in such terror that we crashed against the head-board of the bed with a force great enough to produce a blissful unconsciousness.

* * * *

Sleep at last!

MARIE K. JOHNSTONE, '34.



COLLEGE CALENDAR

ATHLETICS Now that the season for field hockey is over, the members are turning enthusiastically to basketball. Varsity practice has begun in earnest and the team is looking forward eagerly to the first game of the season, which is to be played against the Alumnae on January 9 at Home. Miss Reardon has announced that the following girls have been selected for the varsity: Centers, M. Bernard, G. Reilly, A. Kirgan, K. McShane; guards, A. Lynch, E. Harris, C. Finn, A. Clarke, E. Mulligan; forwards, F. Dieckert, M. Harrington, M. Bannon, A. Kelly, S. Goerlitz.

HISTORY CLUB The newly elected officers of the Club are: President, Mary Gaffney; Secretary, Lucille Jacobson; Chairman of the Program Committee, Sue Swanton. The Club holds its meetings every other week on Tuesday evenings at seven o'clock. The members have been discussing the very interesting question of women's position in Oriental countries.

SPANISH CLUB The Spanish Club offered an unusual and delightful piano recital on November 18. Mrs. Termusa was the guest artist. The recital was well attended and thoroughly enjoyed by the students.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY The first production of the year, presented before the U. A. on Friday, December 11, was Barrie's "The Twelve Pound Look." The audience seemed quite enthusiastic and the coach, cast and managers were well satisfied.

The members had a theatre party during the Christmas holidays which they all enjoyed immensely. They had chosen to see Katherine Cornell in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

The series of lectures, begun by Miss Abigail Casey in September, which had been interrupted by rehearsals for "The Twelve Pound Look," were resumed with an extremely interest-

ing talk on theatrical make-up. Miss Carey illustrated by showing different types and methods in actual practice.

At present, the club is on the lookout for a suitable three-act play to be given in the Spring.

GLEE CLUB The Club was kept busy rehearsing for the concert which it presented at the meeting of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae at the College. Now that the concert is over, it has been giving its attention to plans for the original musical comedy which it presents annually.

GERMAN CLUB This Club has been ambitious in its activities. The programs have consisted of German songs, musical selections and lectures. At one meeting, Dr. Fernsemer gave a highly interesting talk on the political and economical situation in Germany, and the importance of Bruening in German politics.

The Club wishes to express its thanks to Miss Trunz who so graciously sent the water colors which now adorn the walls of the Old Auditorium.

FRENCH CLUB The members of the Club have decided to be very "French." Yes, indeed! We ventured into one of their meetings and found to our consternation that they speak French all the time. "Oui," it is "tout Français," and they looked as if they were enjoying it! We managed to discover that they were planning frequent informal luncheons at which only French would be spoken. Some kind member whispered this bit of information to us in good old Anglo-Saxon words; but, we did manage to understand one significant announcement all by ourselves. Yes, English literature came to our aid and we recognized the familiar title, "The Barber of Seville." Ah, you know it too! Yes, of course, it's the title of the play the Club plans to produce this year. We won't tell you you'll enjoy it; you don't have to be told that. You know how successful the French Club's plays have always been, and the members assure us that this year's production will be up to their usual standard.

**MERCIER
CIRCLE**

The Circle announces six new members who have received the honor of being invited to join its ranks. They are: Margaret Murphy, '31, Edith Meara, 32, Rosemary Kennelly, '32, Eleanor Henessy, '32, Mary Quinn, '32. The officers are: President, Gertrude Unser; Chairman of Program Committee, Rosemary Kennelly; Secretary, Catharine Fournier, '30.

**PRESS
COMMITTEE**

The complete reorganization of the Press Committee is permitting of work on a much larger scale. Each of the members "covers" the school activities for a different newspaper, and there is always a press photographer available for your dance and party committees if you'll only ask to have pictures taken. Mr. Kilcoyne is now guiding the destinies of the Press Committee.

FORUM

Forum has been holding its regular meetings right along and is becoming more and more crowded at each gathering. It is of course open to everyone in the College and those who are its regular followers are the best informed when it comes to College news.

**PARENTS'
DAY**

Kay Eppig's management of this important day fulfilled our every wish. Mother was pleased with the flowers she received and both she and Dad enjoyed the entertainment immensely. Yes, it was all very well arranged and went off without a flaw, from Eleanor Henessy's welcome, through the course of the entertainment provided by Katherine Kelly's songs, the merry renderings of old-fashioned ditties by the sextet and the laughs of the play, to Father Weist's very appropriate address and the solemn close and Benediction. After supper you took your parents over to the Old Auditorium. Weren't you proud of it and tickled to see how surprised your parents were when you told them that the girls, themselves, had done it all under the capable charge of Mildred Hines whose penchant for artistic display has led to the success of more than one of our most ambitious social functions?

"MARINE GRILL" Need we tell you about the Marine Grill? Absurd question! You were all there on that great night. Remember the names of those efficient members of Emma Holland's committee? They were: L. Fournier, A. Deegan, R. Cogan, E. Gegan, D. Pyne, C. Kavanaugh, A. Walsh, A. Seitz, W. McMahon, M. Marino, G. Young, S. Swanton. Edna Dawkins, Honorary Chairman, also officiated.

Weren't the decorations appropriate? The life rings, the gang-plank, the deck chairs, the lights, were peculiarly effective and certainly lent the proper atmosphere to the affair. Of course, you could see for yourself that the dance was a huge social success; but perhaps you are anxious to know how much the Committee was able to donate to the Foreign Missions. A profit of eight hundred and forty dollars was realized.

FATHERS' CLUB The traditional bond of sympathy which is said to exist between father and daughter has led to the establishment of this Club, which endeavors to strengthen and direct this relationship. The fathers have shown their approval and interest in the plan by their eager response to the suggestion. The first meeting was held at the College on the evening of Sunday, December 13. Father Dillon addressed the fathers and daughters and their enthusiasm promises the continued success of the Fathers' Club.

PROMS These are always a subject of great interest to both Seniors and Juniors and this year's affairs were no exception. The Junior Prom was open to all members of the College and was very well attended. The music was supplied by a Myer Davis orchestra, and the favors were charming little compacts.

The Senior Prom, held in the North Ballroom of the New Yorker, was a huge success. The Class of '32 will not soon forget the delightful evening spent dancing to Ben Bernie's music and eating of the New Yorker's fine cuisine. Indeed, Mary Whelan, her committee and the entire class had reason to feel quite satisfied with the Senior Prom.

ALUMNAE NEWS

(The following are excerpts from the address of Mary Camper McGinnis upon assuming the office of president and welcoming the incoming Class of '31.)

“. . . I like to think of our Alumnae as something akin to one of the great medieval cathedrals—Chartres for example—akin to it first because our organization expresses in a twentieth century feminist way a phase of the perennially fresh Catholic tradition which Chartres embodies in stone. We see it today—we do not know the architect, but each block of stone expresses some part of a great synthesis of doctrine and aspiration, of community knowledge and desire. So too does our Alumnae transcend the accidents of persons and of years and stand for a group action.

“Cooperation here does not consist in electing people whom you trust to ‘carry on’ and then in sitting back. It is by assisting in making the activities possible, or successful, by giving the association the benefit of your views and the encouragement of your attendance.

“Just as the medieval cathedral enlisted the best efforts of the architects, the sculpture and all the arts and crafts of the diversified town life of the period, so the Alumnae is ready and anxious to give full play to the special aptitudes of each of our members. Within the Alumnae it is possible to carry on the interests and activities of your College days, regardless of how they incline.

“As in everything else, we get out of the Alumnae Association what we put into it. But when we put into it our energy and enthusiasm, how boundless the pleasure of its contacts! Alumnae contacts have not only strengthened the old friendships but have given opportunities for new mental stimulation and delightful intercourse. Thus our Alumnae is indeed a continuation of College, the keystone of our friendships, the mainspring of our activities in the field of Catholic action . . .”

NOTES

WEDDINGS Among the marriages which have occurred since the beginning of the summer are: Gertrude Roberts, '23, to Lee Delworth; Kay Kilgallen, '26, to Joseph Rooney; Genevieve Boston, '28, to James Slavin, and Vivia Sharpe, '31, to George Cassidy.

ENGAGEMENTS Mareitta Rockefeller's engagement to Harold Ryan was announced in October. The engagement of Agnes Kelly, '28, to John Byrne was announced recently.

BIRTHS Grace O'Brien Martin, '25, has a daughter, Mary Patricia, born November 10. Marge Keenan Moyles, '26, has a second son. Virginia Nathan Kilfoyle, '27, has a son, Daniel Nathan.

PROFESSIONAL Agnes McShane, '26, is studying law at Fordham. Ethel Perkins, '28, and Kathleen Mulrooney, '30, are studying at Columbia. Dorothy Bird, '30, is working for her M.A. at the Catholic University School of Social Service.

Anne Harrigan, Catherine McLaughlin, of '30, and Frances Convey of '31, have opened Carducci Institute for children from two to six years. Adele McCabe, '31, is secretary.

Janet Prendergast, '31, is studying for her M.A. at St. John's.



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LORIA



March, 1932



Loria

*St. Joseph's College for Women
Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Loria

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No. 3.

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CONFessions



GREAT deception has been practised upon the human race, particularly by those to whom so many of our fond illusions are traceable, our poets. Perhaps it is the natural escape of a tormented human soul to turn back to the times before present cares, that makes each succeeding generation of poets burst forth in rapt eulogy of "youth"—that magical period in our lives when the dew is supposed to sparkle on our chubby cheeks—well, never mind. Sometimes an original soul substitutes rosy cheeks, or bare feet, but what matter—the properties are always the same. Even Byron, whose miserable youth was a process of torment to starve off the layers of gross flesh that obscured his physical beauty—even this Byron claims that the "days of our youth are the days of our glory." What makes people exalt the fictitious "myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty"? I suspect that it is partly a following in the established tradition and partly the effects of care and sorrow on a person who has not the faith to trust in the future, who dares not look forward, and so hesitates; looks back, and is lost—in the contemplation of his romanticized youth.

I base my indictment of this rosy dream, this poetical fiction, on the cruelty, the pessimism and the self-consciousness of youth.

I would a thousand times rather have to admit my weakness, or to beg forgiveness, from an older person. I feel safer with the older teacher, with my white-haired confessor. Oh, how hateful it must be to be judged by youth, to be governed and punished by the young. No one screams out with so brazen a voice for toleration and broad-mindedness as the youth from the prejudiced confines of his own ignorance and narrowness of

heart. It is always the young who condemn others for being narrow, conventional, intolerant, when they themselves measure life according to the yardstick of their own experience. Oh, with what bitter personal venom are the battles of women's rights, free thought, science versus religion, and socialism fought in our high school and college classes. Just let a youth tag himself on to one of these new movements, and all who oppose it are stupid, conventional stand-patters. He dubs all who disagree with him with a single adjective, or two, and never gives them a second thought.

Who could be more cruel than the young to the misfit who threads his solitary, bewildered way through their midst. Is there some physical peculiarities, some mental quirk, some twist of personality, that differentiates you? Then indeed, beware the young—for they can crucify you.

There is no more painful time for a parent than when a child discovers some weakness in the parent's character, some dark shadow on the family history. How have the "ain'ts," the coarse manners, of many a loving father and mother been made a thorn in their hearts by the adolescent?

When we are young, we have had too little time to see how often the cruellest blow resolves itself into a caress, how tears can wash away the filth of some sin, how sorrow may purify. We are too inexperienced to believe that life is good—that its gifts far outweigh its burdens. We are too self-centered to trust in the providence of God. We want to see, we want to know, we want the universe to move according to our plan. We will brook no disappointment, we will accept no setback. When a shadow does fall across our path, what is the result? Immediately there is born another youthful pessimist. Oh, the pathetic humor of the green and callow youth who has tasted all of life's dangerous pleasures and found them wanting. Oh, those school-day cynics. Oh, the ennui of our 'teens. The twenty-year-old who swears that women and drink have ruined his life. How funny they would be—if only they were not so serious. The tragedy of it lies in that they really mean it.

If freedom from worldly cares, innocence of almost all the blacker sins, and freedom from the physical disabilities of age alone were what distinguish youth from age, of course youth would be happy. But youth is not happy, even though all the sages prove that it should be. Youth has no cause to be unhappy, they argue. It has every cause to be happy. Ergo, youth is happy. But we cannot measure the intensity and agony of an emotion by the objective magnitude of its cause. However inadequate the causes, the emotions of youth, because of their extreme self-consciousness and painful concentration upon self, are forever turned inward and magnified to inordinate proportions. No wonder that at adolescence, when the emotions become more acute at the same time that there is a greater concentration upon itself, the individual varies from moods of depression to bursts of almost maniacal excitement. In the little egocentric world in which youth lives, there are no escapes from passion. The deaf heavens, the sullen earth, and the buffeting seas alike are far, far distant from youth's shut-in angers and sorrows. Our souls in youth are turbulent torrents constrained within the thick walls of our own ego. As we grow older a growing sense of humility, of tolerance, of charity, and of trust in God provide the flood-gates through which the seething waters of the soul are released into other fields and thus cease their tormenting.

It is only the years which can tear us from out the prisons of our own ego, that can soften and mellow our harsh judgments, that can raise our eyes to that goal and that end which means hope and happiness. In the meantime, I, for one, feel that we well could pray:

“From the snares of our youth, deliver us, O Lord.”

GERTRUDE UNSER, '32.

SHAGGY PAYS A DEBT

ITH a playful yelp, Shaggy bounded down the steps, scaled the short iron gate between the dripping hedges and raced up the block. His master whistled, called vociferously, with a few parenthetical swear words interspersed, but Shaggy, after stopping to cast one merry glance behind, turned the corner and headed for Pisa Row. (It was so-called because the houses all lean dilapidatedly one way or another.) This was Shaggy's day off. He took one holiday by himself every year, leaving his master as suddenly as he had done this morning, to visit unfamiliar haunts, chase cats or browse with proscribed cronies in strange alleys among overflowing garbage cans. You'd almost think he took delight in arousing the neighborhood by knocking garbage-can covers clanging on the concrete and spilling the odoriferous collection of colorful peels, egg shells, cabbage leaves, and forbidden fruit over the unswept walks.

Shaggy had been an actor in his day, but the only vestige of this fact was in his occasional outbursts of temperament. In the old circus days, his annual escapade usually took the form of a complete departure from his place of employment. In short, Shaggy would run away. Tired of being mercilessly beaten or exhausted by strenuous rehearsing, he would sullenly wait to be left alone, and then would creep, panting, on his belly, beneath the taut edge of the tent base; creep forth to the open world to seek a mate, or starve awhile, land in the pound or, as happened most times, to be quickly snatched up again by a clever, zealous show agent. It was easy to spot Shaggy. He had "circus" written all over him, over the slender lines of his firm, muscular body and steady legs, over the cut of his coat, where the hair, formerly shaved, grew shorter than the white silken waves flowing down his ears and eyes, and fringing his ankles.

But Shaggy was old now. For the past five years he had been left unmolested on these holidays of his. His master, a

kind old bachelor, kept him well groomed and fed, and never laid a hand on him except to tickle the top of his head or force him to an occasional dose of castor-oil. But that was life—oil or no oil, he liked Timmie, with his perpetual misty aura of pipe smoke, his confidences, and the warm leather of his house-shoes, between which one could comfortably snuggle a cold, dog nose.

There was nothing much doing at Pisa Row today. The rain and slush kept most of the mutts indoors, and there was no fun sniffing in ash-cans alone or gnawing blanched bones, when a piping hot beef stew was home for the asking. Shaggy stopped at the corner, waiting for a cruising cab to scoot past. He was getting old now and could not take chances, at least not on a day like this. When the car had passed, he dashed across and started home.

A block away from his house he "spotted" her. She was hurrying along huddled in an old black coat, clasping a white bundle, half-wrapped in paper, closely to her. Shaggy would have known her anywhere. It was Sandy Grey, premiere danseuse of the old "Supreme Circ." Who could forget Sandy? Often when they were both cold and hungry, she had shared a dry crust with him, or thrown him a hunk of beef in more prosperous days. She was the only one who ever remembered that a dog drank water regularly. And in return all he had ever done was sleep close to her one freezing night, to supplement, with his animal warmth, the thin coat wrapped tightly around her sleeping form. Now was his opportunity to pay her in full. When he had thought of it at all, the debt had always troubled his scrupulous old dog conscience. Tonight he knew where there was a homey log fire. He was on his way there himself and he was sure Timmie would not mind the extra guest, especially if she were golden-haired, wet, and shivering.

Shaggy caught up with her, danced about her, and snapped at her heels, until she screamed at him in terror. He had not meant to frighten her. He barked, friendly words of greeting. But she was frightened and worried about something and did

not understand. She clutched the bundle tighter and hurried on. Then Shaggy remembered the old act he had done with her. He reared on his hind legs and thus paddled backwards before her. She cried out his name. Shaggy leaped and barked with gladness. They were at the house now. He pulled at her coat for her to come in. She hesitated and gazed wistfully at the rambling mansion. It looked so homey and comfortable with its spread out red brick wings and green tile gables. Shaggy moved his head and pointed one ear, as if to say, "Aw, come on. He won't mind." But Sandy did not notice. The dog tugged at her coat again. The girl looked down at him. Tears, or maybe rain-drops, wet her strangely pale cheeks, her face was pinched, her nose slightly swollen with the cold, her eyes looked dazed and darkly blue. Shaggy barked. He was impatient and cold. The girl, still unsmiling, hurriedly climbed the steps, deposited the bundle, rang the bell and started hastily away. Shaggy came after her; he had not known *she* was the wash-lady, but he was quickly reprimanded for his efforts.

"Go back, go back," she cried; "mind *that*," she pointed, "I've got to hurry. Don't let it get wet—go back—the cold will ruin my precious bundle—the cold—the rain. I *have* to go—the rain—" She laughed suddenly, very loudly, then stopped abruptly and with a hasty glance at the door, and a last admonition to Shaggy, hurried away. The dog bounded after her once again. Terrorized lest he attract unnecessary attention to her, she called him aside and talked to him quickly in broken words, urging him back. The dog watched her as she turned and walked rapidly onward, and then wistfully started back by himself. Oh well, a clean, ironed wash was a clean, ironed wash and maybe Timmie's dress shirt was in it. He'd better hurry back and get some one to take it in.

Shaggy dashed back across the street. Suddenly an auto, racing headlong, skidded wildly through the slush, and with brakes ineffective, hit the curb just as Shaggy reached it, crushing the helpless dog against the stone. The car pulled out of its skid and sped onward.

Shaggy's pain was excruciating. The block was deserted. No one had witnessed the pathetic accident. Shaggy began to whine, pitifully, when he remembered some one had sent him on an errand. His natural, inherent, faithful servitude, long years of enforced obedience and his gratitude to an old, loved friend, forced him to crawl onward. The slush was cold against his belly. Pain racked his slender body but Shaggy pushed himself ahead. He reached the gate, edged it open and began the racking climb up the three stone steps to the door. There the bundle lay with soft rain beating on it, making sodden masses of the inadequate wrapping. Shaggy sniffed at it and knew his duty poignantly well. He stretched himself across the wet papers and lay there heavily panting. His eyes were blood-shot, his silken hair knotted and muddy, but the pain—it tore at the roots of his heart with its awful sharpness, it stretched to the utmost layers of his nerve-fibered flesh. He gave a terrible quiver, his eyes rolled deliriously, he whined, a short convulsive, low whine, and then dreamed, merciful, blissful dog dreams, sweet and vague: of his nose between warm leather house slippers; of hot stew in his mouth; of scampering in sunny fields, frightening crows back to the open sky; rolling in sunbaked grass; or lying snugly, confidently at his master's feet, as some one whispered, "Shaggy, Shaggy," and tickled his ears. He awakened to his name. Some one was actually calling. He heard quick steps, squishing along the slushy walk. Some one hurried up the steps.

"Shaggy, you d—d old sun-of-a-gun! What were you—!"

But for the second time that day Shaggy could not answer that call. It was not his frisky spirit this time which prevented, but his body—this benumbed, half-frozen rack of pain. He whined, a primitive, piercing, agonized wolf whine. Foam crept from his mouth.

"Shaggy! My God!" his master gasped. Quickly stepping over the crouched body, Timmie got through the door somehow, and was back in a jiffy. His eyes still held that wide, dazed look of pathos and compassion. He was about to use the shin-

ing thing in his hand, when he noticed the bundle. The dog writhed off it panting and fell helplessly back down the steps.

Timmie used the gun then, quickly. He could not have stood a second whine like that other. He was still staring helplessly, the rain beating unnatural tears into his expressionless face, when a movement of the bundle at his feet aroused him. He bent quickly. There at the threshold, with its now empurpled face again exposed to the cold rain, lay a sleeping infant. With drawn brow and strong jaw, Timmie lifted the child gently, carried it in and placed it on the soft couch before the fire.

At that moment a stained, misshapen mass, lying at the foot of the dripping door-step, gave a last convulsive gasp, and lay in peace. Shaggy had "handed in his checks," the last and biggest made out to one Sandy Grey, dancer.

IRENE COSTARINO, '33.



GETHSEMANE

No sound at all. And then a sigh
Of leaves.

Through all this heedless night, alone,—
To grieve.

A trembling angel-wing drew nigh,
And fled.

And could not understand a God
Who bled.

KATHERINE KELLY, '32.

“THE STRANGE MELODY OF AN ISLAND THAT SINGS”



HE blue distance had been conquered and you were in the presence of a reality that puzzled you by its unreality. Stretched before your vision, the mountains and hills, delicately green as the sun sought them from the shadows, were, in their remoteness, like the outposts of a dream. Had it not been for the white specks that were cottages on the slopes, they would have seemed ageless.

A little later, a thousand new sights and sounds dominated by soft Celtic accents and intense blue eyes leaped to your consciousness. You became definitely aware of an ancient race and an ancient country. The bustle of arrival soon gave way to a peculiarly deep and pervading silence.

In the soft light of late evening the landscape was charming in its aloofness, a quality which persisted among the changing scenes of rich fields lined by fragrant hedges or desolate plains of gray rock. You were aware of a spirit of age pervading everything around you.

Home-coming and sadness. The two ideas seemed to you to be entirely unrelated, and you found it hard to understand your mother's lack of exuberance at the prospect of returning home. You did not understand until you experienced the joys so intense that they dissolved into pain when the meeting—at once a reunion and an introduction—took place. It was at the moment of seeing your grandmother for the first time that you had the first dread of parting. That first evening you spent before the turf fire found you perfectly contented, and you chided yourself for your lack of homesickness.

There must have been some rare attraction in the fresh fields and roads that made you forgetful of the past and mindful only of present scenes. Perhaps it was the soft beauty of the purple

heather and the unobtrusiveness of the shamrock, adding loveliness everywhere, that intrigued you. Fuchsia hedges in Connaught! Their brilliant crimson was striking against the background of dark green. Padraic Colum addresses them "in this alien air" as "Demoiselles!" declaring:

"I think some saint of Erinn wandering far
 Found you and brought you here."

Children, wherever they be, are charming, and the children of Ireland are no exception. However, here they are not "kiddies." They are blue-eyed sprites, and as hard to catch as any of the "little people." They can be seen at a distance, but seldom at close range, for they scamper away at your approach. If, unobserved, you had not heard their informal discussions, you might have inferred that they spoke "fairy," for they seemed to know only about two words of mortal language. An accurate report of your conversation with them might be constructed from the following theme, with slight variations:

"Do you go to school, Brian?"

"I do."

"Are you a good boy, Tom?"

"I am."

There was one exception, however. After a chat with Maureen, aged six, she looked at the ground, then at you, and asked doubtfully: "Does grass grow in America?"

The old people are enchanting. Their manner is gracious, their humor gentle, their expression lyrical. As you stopped for a chat with them you heartily assented that "It is a glorious day, thanks be to God and His Blessed Mother." And how well they described a rainy night as a "soft evening." From them you received first hand information regarding the plains of Rathcroghan, where Queen Maeve of Connaught is buried and where the local fairies now dwell. A wild and mysterious place it is, too.

The "Old Woman of the Road" should have been in your

place as, during the Rosary, you watched the glint of the fire-light on the shining delft. She would not have needed a lesson in Gaelic, however. Yours consisted in learning to write and actually pronounce your name in that language—a tedious process. And the sight of a silvery mist covering familiar fields and cottages might not have thrilled her. But to you, it seemed unworldly as it gradually approached and obscured even the nearest objects from your view.

Hours spent in an old-fashioned garden of a cottage belonging, as your aunt solemnly impressed upon you, "to your great, great, great grandmother," seem little less unreal now than they did then. You might have been living centuries before the dawn of Christianity, as on the lake three swans appeared suddenly, lingered for a while, and then glided away. Perhaps they were the enchanted Children of Lir, who were condemned to roam the lakes and rivers of Ireland until the coming of Christianity to that isle.

"While murmuring mournfully, Lir's lovely daughter
Tells to the night-star her tale of woes."

"When will heaven its sweet bell ringing
Call my spirit to the fields above?"

Almost within sight of rich pastoral scenes, the dark Atlantic booms in on the shore. Once you walked along the smooth strand or clambered up on the sand dunes, stopping at times to watch the continual striving of the sun with dark clouds. Returning home, you inquired the name of a little place you passed. Your companion gave you a Gaelic word, and then said casually, "It means 'Fairy's Whisper.'" The answer startled you. Can anyone imagine a more delicate thought or expression? What fresh evidence of the imagination of the Celt who designates even rather insignificant portions of the land by names of poetic beauty.

The hour of separation was sad because it marked the end of

association with persons and places you had learned to love. But to your mother and grandmother the sorrow was as unrelenting as if it were death. How closely akin to death it really is!

You rode silently all day, viewing the wild grandeur of the mountains of the west and the approaching outlines of the Kerry Mountains. You felt their inexpressible sadness, so often remarked by writers. Yet, you might have been exploring a garden, for the track was lined with hedges all the way, and you often caught fleeting glimpses of dark glens and clear streams. "The tear and the smile" describes Irish scenery as well as Irish temperament. Mists are constantly rising over the hills and dissolving as the sun comes out again.

Part of the secret of the Irish countryside lies in the fact that it has remained so untouched by symbols of modern progress. Beautiful old ruins are constantly in evidence, but there is hardly a sign of industry until the large cities are approached. Perhaps this explains why commercialism is not widespread in this country. Even small signs of it create intensely discordant notes that mar the perfect melody that is Ireland. Centuries of oppression have not dimmed either the proud remains of a great antiquity, or the individualism and ideals of the race.

As you drew away from the shores of the island, the loneliness of one who is leaving home came upon you. You watched the receding land until the top of the last mountain dropped from view and the last bit of land glimmered in the mist. Another instant and it was lost to everything but your memory.

"He made you all fair,
 You in purple and gold,
 You in silver and green,
 Till no eye that has seen,
 Without love can behold."

CLARE O'CONNOR, '33.

THE FAMILY FAILING



HE lady, fifteenth on line, struggled vainly with her bulky parcels as she commented audibly on the inefficiency of the government in its failure to provide proper accommodations for its post office clientèle. I, being sixteenth on line, and having nothing better to do, was not reluctant to overhear her story as she related it in a "Pollyanna" tone of voice, with the spirit of a long-suffering soul whose best intentions were misunderstood.

"Now, you know, my dear, I have always loved George as a son." Her companion gave a wise confirmatory gesture, much like the solemn blinking of an owl. "Really, I often thought that I worried over him more than many a *mother* whom you and I know has worried over her *son*. But I must say that I really think he has inherited some of poor, dear Margaret's obstinacy. You know we all advised Margaret *time and time again* against marrying Frank Churchill. Why, I talked with her for hours about him. She always admitted that he *was* young and not worth much money, but all she could say was that she loved him and he loved her, and that she wanted to marry him and go with him to China or some such crazy place while he built bridges there. He was an engineer, you know. Well, she had her own way and went with him, all right, and that was all I saw of her for five years. George was sent back at the end of that time after Margaret and Frank caught a fever and died. They say that she insisted on nursing Frank through this fever, against everybody's advice. Of course, she caught it and died. Yes, I guess obstinacy *is* a family trait.

"Where was I? O yes. Well, George has always been obstinate. Do you remember how sulky and unreasonable he was when I made him study law instead of engineering? He began to tell me he wanted to be an engineer and travel, but I soon settled that. An engineer, indeed, when right home here is a good

chance for a lawyer. As long as I was paying the bills, I said, I would do the ordering. Now, he won't listen to rhyme or reason. He says that he'll stay engaged to Lucy, come what will. I knew all this would happen when he first began to see her, five years ago. I knew *then* that Lucy was not the kind of a girl to make him happy. No indeed! And I told him so. I guess that I should know his character pretty well after twenty years, and know what's best for him, but will he listen to me? Not he! Of course, I have nothing, positively nothing at all, against Lucy. No doubt she will make some other man perfectly happy, but not my George. It's a wonder to me that he hasn't found it out during these five years. Why, the other day, just to see what she would say, I asked, not directly of course, but sort of hinted at their living at my house after the marriage. What do you think she said? She'd always thought, she said, that young married folk were better off alone! To me, after *all* I'd done! Well, I just told her—"

She interrupted her lament long enough to order twenty-four two-cent stamps. No, she didn't want a book. She picked up the stamps, and after counting them carefully, walked down to a desk with her companion, still discoursing volubly. I breathed a silent prayer for Lucy and George, and moved up to get my money order.

ELIZABETH GEGAN, '33.



ON CONTRACT



R. T. WORTHINGTON TEMPLE, president of the Northern Paper Mills, Inc., had faith in the young. And so it was that Peter Stevens had his chance. When word reached the New York office that Matthews, publisher of the famous Chicago *Daily Press* and a flock of national magazines, did not intend to renew his contract with Canadian Mills, the Northern outfit and T. Worthington Temple hoped frantically to land the account. Matthews was one of the biggest pulp users in the country, and his patronage meant business in a large way.

T. Worthington Temple looked over his sales force. He wanted some one who could interview Matthews and sell him cold. He thought of Stevens. Peter was a bit guileless, but personable and a good conversationalist. Matthew was probably sick of high-pressure sales methods and, happily, Stevens had none of those tricks. He sent for the young salesman.

"Stevens," said Temple, "I'm going to send you to Chicago. Get that Matthews account, and there's a fat commission in it for you. Bring it back, and I'll make you a junior executive. Think you can do it?"

"You bet I can," said Peter with the confidence of youth. The Matthews account! That was something to dream about!

Now Peter was a young man and had ambitions.Flushed with an inward excitement at this life-time chance, he boarded the Twentieth Century for Chicago, and importantly settled himself in his chair.

Perhaps Peter had an incurably romantic soul, or perhaps it was just the vernal urge resulting from the warmth of an early summer day, but before many miles had passed he was acutely aware of "Her." She was sitting in a Pullman chair, diagonally across from his. The morning sun came through the windows and touched her hair with pretty lights. Her dress, her shoes,

her hat—all were simply lovely. His eyes shifted from the book he was reading. (You couldn't blame him really—its title was "Advanced Methods of Salesmanship" and that, certainly, could not compete with a McClelland Barclay illustration in person.)

She was trying to lift the window, pulling and tugging away, until Peter leaped to her assistance. Peter thought there was nothing that would better serve as an introduction than a tight Pullman window.

"Thank you," she said, flashing a smile that would floor the most case-hardened misogynist.

"A pleasure," said Peter. "Pullman windows, like Scotch pocketbooks, are hard to open."

"They shoot men for saying things like that," she laughed. She had a delightful well-modulated laugh that made Pete's heart do a few thumping flutters.

"You going to Chicago?" he asked, for want of something better to say.

"Why, of course. Chicago's the next and last stop." Her eyes were smiling at him, as eyes will when you ask foolish questions.

Pete grew slightly red in the face and said something about dumb questions being necessary to keep conversation alive.

"I'm out here to sell Matthews newspaper pulp. Big deal if I land him," said Pete with a pardonable note of pride.

"Who's Matthews?" she asked.

Then Pete told her all about the publisher, and about himself and his job. She was easy to talk to, nice and sort of comfortable and encouraging.

Her name was Janet Williams. Yes, she would be in Chicago for some time. Yes, she'd meet him Thursday at the Drake. The train pulled in.

"Goodbye, Pete. It was fun meeting you," she said.

"Goodbye, Janet—see you Thursday." Obviously they had become friends.

It was Tuesday when Pete first saw Chicago's expansive lake front. Tomorrow he would see Matthews. Thursday he would

see Janet. Funny, he was much more anxious about Thursday.

Late Wednesday, T. Worthington Temple received a wire from Pete. It read:

“HAVE SEEN MATTHEWS STOP TOUGH OLD
BIRD FAIRLY SATISFIED WITH OUR BID BUT
THINKS CAN DO BETTER STOP AM SEEING
HIM AGAIN NEXT WEEK STOP WILL CEMENT
CONTACTS IN THIS DISTRICT MEANWHILE
STEVENS”

Thursday night Peter saw Janet. She was dressed in something his male eyes could not explain in technical terms. All he knew was that it was shimmery and gossamer and indescribably beautiful. They spent delicious hours together until he left her reluctantly in the lobby of her hotel. She hit him in the heart somehow. He found it not only difficult but impossible to stop thinking of her.

A week went by, during which Peter spent a little time visiting the customers of Northern Paper Mills, Inc., and most of his time with Janet. He saw her very often and they were happy together.

He saw Matthews again and wired T. Worthington Temple:

“MATTHEWS STILL UNDECIDED STOP WILL
HAVE TO SPEND ANOTHER WEEK HERE FOR
FINAL DECISION STOP PROSPECT DOUBTFUL
BUT STILL HAVE HOPES STOP AM KEEPING
IN TOUCH WITH OUR CHICAGO CONTACTS
FOR CONTRACT RENEWALS.

STEVENS”

Pete could have kissed Matthews for being undecided. That would give him another week's time to see Janet. He was rather in love with her and on Wednesday, two days before Matthews would decide, he spoke to her seriously.

They were in a restaurant, and he was looking deep in her eyes while he played with her fingers.

"What do you think of love?" he asked. "Do you think it comes in a hurry, Janet,—in, say, a little less than three weeks?"

"Well, maybe it does," she said, averting her eyes.

"Listen, Janet. Do you love me?"

She did not answer.

"I love you," said Peter. "I love you very much. I want to marry you. Say something, please."

"Oh, Peter—take me home." She squeezed his hand. "Take me home, Peter, and don't ask me to say anything—not yet. Friday night we'll have a long talk together."

"But I want you to marry me. Listen, Janet, if Matthews comes through with this contract . . ."

She stopped him, "Please, Pete," was all she said. Her eyes as well as her voice pleaded, and Pete took her back to the hotel. Until Friday . . .

Friday rolled around at last and Pete called on Matthews for the final word. The publisher was a round little man who could scowl as fiercely as he could smile pleasantly. He flung question after question at Pete about pulp qualities, prices, and possible bargains. Pete simply gave him facts. Pete wasn't at all voluble. Pete didn't know any high-pressure tricks.

After a lot of small talk about details, Matthews finally smiled and said:

"Well, young man, I think I'll let you have my orders. I'll give you the specifications tomorrow."

Pete was elated. Now if Janet would only—well, he'd find out about that tonight. In the meantime he wired T. Worthington Temple:

"HAVE SOLD MATTHEWS STOP AM GETTING
SPECIFICATIONS TOMORROW

STEVENS"

That night Pete met Janet in the lobby of her hotel. She

seemed more beautiful than ever, and Pete was in love's more or less comatose state as they went to their favorite restaurant.

Peter was looking in her eyes again and playing with her fingers. Janet was talking. Her voice was tremulous.

"I've been telling you lies about myself, Pete," she said. "Now I'm going to be truthful. Promise me, Pete, promise me you won't be angry."

He was anxious. Angry! How could he be angry with Janet? The idea was ridiculous and he said so.

"Well, then, my name isn't Janet Williams," she continued. "It's Janet Matthews."

Pete was electrified. "You mean—you mean, you're . . ."

"The publisher's daughter, yes," said Janet, taking the words out of his mouth. "And the hotel isn't my home. Dad and I are just living there while our own home is being renovated."

Pete didn't say anything. "I know what you're thinking," she said, "but it's not true. I had nothing to do with your getting the contract. Father gave it to you because he liked the way you spoke. Father hates high-pressure salesmen."

Well, that was good, Pete thought. But Matthews' daughter? That wasn't so good. Pete was silent. He was a little sad. He guessed that might change things.

Janet took one of his hands in hers. She spoke softly.

"I liked you the minute I saw you on the train, Pete. I thought you might feel differently if I told you who I was. I thought it might make a difference between us and so I told those white lies. I thought it might *change* things, Pete—and—well, I just didn't want things changed, that's all."

Pete was silent for a moment. Then he smiled boyishly. "Tell me you love me, Janet," he said.

"I love you, Pete."

And that was Friday night. The week-end went by, and on Monday T. Worthington Temple received this wire in New York:

"WHOOPS STOP HAVE COMPLETE SPECIFICATIONS OF HUGE MATTHEWS CONTRACT FOR A PERIOD OF TEN YEARS STOP THIS IN THE NATURE OF WEDDING PRESENT STOP WHOOPS STOP HAVE MATTHEWS DAUGHTER JANET ON CONTRACT FOR LIFE TILL DEATH DO US PART STOP WE ARE GLORIOUSLY HAPPY AND WANT THREE WEEKS FOR HONEYMOON STOP WHOOPS STOP THAT WAS MY WIFE KISSING ME STOP I MEAN YOU NOT MY WIFE STOP WHOOPS WHOOPS WHOOPS STEVENS"

To which Temple, who had faith in the young, replied :

"WHOOPS TO YOU STOP TAKE A MONTH STOP AM WIRING WEDDING PRESENT FROM NORTHERN PAPER INC STOP WHOOPS
T. WORTHINGTON TEMPLE"

DOROTHY HARRISON, '34.



O, FOR THE LIFE OF A SAILOR



HERE are a few people who cannot enjoy well-told stories of the sea. I, who love them so, have been fortunate enough to have known a real old seaman, and many an interesting hour have I spent, listening to his stories.

This friend of mine was born in a little town in Maine, called Melbridge. It is a small seaside town whose natives know the sea as well, if not better, than the land. All the old men are retired sea captains, all the young men are at sea, and all the boys impatiently await the time when they, too, can sail away over the blue. My friend made his first voyage when he was fourteen years old. He has told me that he would have snatched almost anything as an excuse not to have gone again, but no excuse offered itself.

Those were not the days of the steamships. Sailing vessels, presided over by rough captains and rougher mates, were the only means of sea travel. The ships may have been sea-worthy—my friend says they were—but many a night he slept in clothes wringing wet from the salt, ocean spray, and many a night the rolling waves filled his bare, thin-walled cabin even up to the edge of his bunk. One did not complain, though, for in those days, mutinies were quelled quickly and effectively. One sledge-hammer blow from the brawny arm of the mate laid the mutineer low and he lay where he had fallen until the spray from the ocean brought him back to consciousness. One did not complain even when ordered up into the topsails, although the stories we hear of men falling are all too true. Countless numbers have died that way. My friend saw a vessel in the Boston harbor once, with a man's body, frozen stiff, still hanging from the mast.

When their men-folk went out to sea, no women in Melbridge could be certain that the ship would come back again.

There was no wireless, no means of communication between ship and shore. The Almanac gives startling percentages in discussing brave vessels that gayly set sail from port and of which nothing was ever heard again. Three times my friend left ships on the eve those same vessels set sail on a voyage from which there was no return. "Lost at sea with all hands," was the verdict. But if these tragedies are so stark, they do give rise to a heroism which is the more stirring. My friend tells an interesting story of a girl he knew who was named, picturesquely enough, Geneva. In her infancy, her parents had taken her on a sea trip. A few days out of port, a storm blew up and the battered ship sank under the raging waters. The lone surviving sailor was left to quiet, as best he could, the pitiful cries of the infant, Geneva, whom he had snatched from the stiffly frozen arms of her dead mother. In later years, Geneva became quite famous, for some song-writer dedicated one of his efforts to her and entitled it, "Geneva, the Child of the Deep."

As the years rolled by, coal-burning vessels eventually began to displace the sailing ships, bringing with them a new danger which almost outweighed the new speed. There was no horror like the horror of fire at sea. I asked my friend, one evening, if there had ever been fires on any of his ships. He told me that when he "was on the run from Panama to Bogota," they had a fire almost every trip. Where? In the coal bunkers. Aside from the usual danger of fire, many stokers had to learn that fire has the deceptive habit of first attacking the coal at the bottom of the bunkers. A sailor, not aware that the coal at the top was but a thin shell covering a mass of burning ash would step on it. Before help could be gotten to him, he was dead.

Coal-burning vessels had their advantages, but they were dirty and the coal took up much valuable cargo space. Vessels using oil for fuel were introduced and are in use today. Just what tomorrow will bring in this line, no one knows. As for my seaman friend, he will never acknowledge the superiority of the present day ships over sailing ships, and, like all good seamen, he often sighs for the time when, with his feet firm on the roll-

ing deck, and his hands gripping the wheel of a good windjammer, he could laugh in the teeth of a fierce gale and thumb his nose at Davy's Locker. Then, he could brave any sea and have no fear. There was no intricate machinery to get out of order at the wrong time, no weepy, hysterical passengers to placate. There were only himself, a ship almost human, and a crew of what he called "boisterous, roisterous, fearless, hell-bent-for-heaven" roughnecks to pull the vessel through.

MARION ELDIDGE, '32.



IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY



LONG with pussywillows, and the new grass, and the fresh crackling of Walter Winchellisms, comes that sure harbinger of Spring, Barnum and Bailey's combined performances. Afflicted with such an attack of spring fever as could not be cured by the usual expedient of Easter-outfitting, I determined to see the circus and seized upon a younger brother as a valid excuse and fit companion. He, it seemed, had profited yearly by the same weakness in some grown-up, to whom, I dare say, he was also but a convenience. A year ago, he further confided, his companion had been the parish priest, who exhibited astonishing ignorance and misinformation concerning things of the circus. The little man tactfully indicated that he much preferred my intelligent presence—by which I understood I was to abstain from the usual inquiries of older companions. Thus, understanding and understood, we entered the holy of holies, the inner sanctum of the "greatest show on earth."

We were scarcely settled in our seats and well provided with peanuts and other edibles when the blare of trumpets quieted the busy hum of the assemblage. With stately tread, a platoon of elephants entered, arranged according to size. The largest, a veteran in rhythm, led the lugubrious file. When they were dispersed equally into the five rings, which, from thenceforth, it was our pleasure to watch as closely as possible, I noted that the uniformity of their blankets was spoiled by those in one ring, which were much gaudier than the others. When I dared to voice my surprise, my little informant ascribed the difference to the obvious fact that these were elephants of superior quality. Properly squelched, I watched the traditional grand march of painted floats, painted clowns, painted equestriennes; a march that was

led by Persian princes, trumpeting and strutting in fine style—the loss of dignity occasioned by inconvenient togas amply compensated by the proud turbans. Thus the procession wound its way, unruffled by the antics of the interfering clowns.

And now the spotlight was turned to the arena where the elephants were lumbering into place. Reluctantly, they accepted the confidence of the trainers willing to lie beneath their bulging flanks; sadly, they shook their sides to the rumba of the band, and joyfully they performed their final bow and departed to more satisfying rewards than the applause of the throng.

Then a professional gentleman of dignified bearing stepped into the center ring and opened his mouth to speak. His words were quite unintelligible, but from frequent repetitions, I understood that every performance featured either "the biggest and best in the world," or the "only one in captivity in this hemisphere"—announcements that warmed my heart, for there is a definite thrill in seeing a unique performance. The gentleman himself was dressed with unique sartorial splendor. The shine of his morning trousers matched that of his patent-leather shoes, and as he walked, the tails of his swallow-tail coat flapped defiantly. A walrus moustache and Vandyke beard added to the dignity of his resonant, full-toned voice, distinct only to the performers. The gentleman bowed deeply and fully and retired. Even more mystifying than his announcements, was the appearance of long, covered gangways and the erection of a cage. As the first tawny shapes slouched through this arcade, I had a feeling of intense uneasiness, which proved to be justified. No sooner did two lions get into the cage, than a dispute arose over position and precedence, and, as the number was swelled, each newcomer took a side in the quarrel. But the trainer entered and organized this bedlam, making way for the tigers, who surlily and doggedly took their places. The animals went through their unwilling paces with much lowering and deep grumbling. Indeed, it was difficult to discover which they hated more—each other or their trainer. When these specimens of unhappy captivity were prodded back to their cages with mutual rejoicings,

nothing would do but that little brother have a whip. I agreed that that was just the thing, and we succeeded in picking out a beautiful red, white and blue one. My difficulty then lay in keeping him from starting to practise its use.

When we turned back to the arena, several teams of horses and riders had arranged themselves within its confines and were carrying on at a great rate. Two, three and four riders would jump on and off a horse, which regularly and in beautiful rhythm ran around the ring.

Act by act the circus traveled toward its finish, until the seals entered. Bringing up their rear was a monstrous museum specimen. It might have been a mammoth seal or a miniature whale, but was, in truth, the far-famed sea-elephant. Squatting, and supported by its dorsal fins, it docilely allowed the keeper to drop wriggling fish into its huge mouth. Its blinking, protruding eyes gave it an air of drowsy satisfaction; of being the only performer thoroughly content with its act—eating is never a hardship. The seals meanwhile balanced the customary balls—of the usual color—upon their familiar noses, enthusiastically clapped their fins, and otherwise carried on. For variation, one seal patiently blew upon a species of mouth organ, a melody in whole notes, competing with a fellow-musician across the arena, who blew what I considered running notes. My companion insisted that he was playing the same tune, but slurring it woefully. However, we mutually agreed that they were both exceptionally talented seals and distributed our applause accordingly.

Of course, there were trapeze artists, muscular and daring, who in their celestial and insecure domains twirled about with the uncertain support of any section of their anatomies from ankle to neck. After these came the chariots, trailing clouds of sawdust, and mounted cowboys, fearless and daring, and expert enough in the art of the lasso to trap Ed Wynn himself.

And then came the greatest presentation in the show. The important person in the remarkable clothes, became almost articulate in his announcement. A sensational dive from the top of the tent into a slide eighty feet below! The crowd was keyed

up to a pitch of excitement which left it breathless and wide-eyed. A great silence swept through the big tent as the performer began meticulously to arrange his pads. Hesitatingly, he walked to the foot of the narrow ladder, and slowly began his seemingly endless climb. Harder and harder my little brother squeezed my hand as his eyes followed the perilous ascent. Nor was the tension diminished by the dare devil's occasional stops and backward glances. In the anxiety of the moment, a woman in back of us whispered, "Watch him, sonny, you'll never see anything like it again." When he had reached the top, he paused a moment. Then, with sudden determination, he dove through space, slid down the metallic chute, and sprawled safely in the net waiting below. A great sigh escaped from the audience. Then, thundering applause broke from the stands. Even the band began again with renewed vigor, as the clowns danced wildly out of the arena, and all the rings emptied of the entertainers.

Slowly we began our descent from the fifty-cent seats and, pushed and shoved by the excited crowd, gradually made our way to the exits, through which the satisfied customers tortuously oozed. Willie had seen the circus.

JOSEPHINE PISANI, '34.



Loria

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EDITORIALS

THANK YOU



HIS is the last issue of LORIA to contain an Editorial page this year. Therefore the Editors wish to take this opportunity to thank all those who have helped them with LORIA and *Footprints*. Our faculty adviser has been more than just that. She has been a friend and a guide. We can wish no more for the incoming staff than that they find her as helpful and charming as we have. The friendly suggestions of our financial adviser have proved invaluable to such raw recruits to the editorial field as we.

The members of the Board wish, particularly, to thank and congratulate the contributors. We hope they will continue to write and by their success encourage others to follow in their footsteps. With such a following, LORIA will go on to bigger and better things.

To Faculty and student supporters, to our advertisers and the printer, and to all others who have coöperated so generously, LORIA and *Footprints* extend their grateful appreciation and their sincerest thanks.

"KEEP OFF THE GRASS"

MADLY you come tearing down Clinton Avenue. Two minutes to make your class! You have it all figured out—a second to open the gate, another for the door—hesitations you must allow for. There is one pause, though, that you never think of. Truth to tell, it isn't really a pause; just a little detour that might take about a sixteenth of a minute. We mean when you turn the corner to go through the gate—why not go around that corner, instead of across it?

Once upon a time there was some grass there. Now the spot is painfully bald. When you consider that it is something of a job to grow grass, to say nothing of how it looks before and while it's grown, you will *want* to make that detour. You may look at it in an "ethical" light or "from a gardener's viewpoint." At any rate, your problem has undoubtedly been one of thoughtlessness. Our problem is to solve yours by making you "grass-conscious."

'PHONING—A FINE ART

EVERYONE knows there is a telephone for the use of the student body, and knows, too, where it is located. Now this location has its disadvantages—but its advantages more than balance them. It is convenient to the Locker Room and the old Auditorium, and within easy hearing distance of the Registrar's office, the Library and the new Auditorium. Of necessity, then,

it is where a great number of girls will usually be gathered, particularly between classes. Therein lies the difficulty, for the noise of the girls makes it equally difficult to give or receive a message. If you ever tried to do either at such a time, you'll sympathize.

We do want the 'phone. Let's make it as practical as possible. Whenever you see anyone 'phoning, and you feel inclined to yodel or do a tap dance or break into a series of startled shrieks—hold on to yourself for a few more minutes. And if you can propagate that doctrine, you'll get your reward some day when *you* want to 'phone.



AS WE LIKE IT



HE Hazing Committee got a big kick out of the reaction of the new Freshies. One day, just for a joke, they announced that there would be no more hazing because the Freshies didn't know how to take it. And would you believe it? At the end of the session there was a long line waiting for the committee to ask "maybe if they petitioned the Dean, they could still be hazed." The committee nearly rolled over. But don't think the Freshies aren't up to their tricks, too. They had nick-names for every Soph hazing them, such as Woof-Woof, Wuzzy, Blondie and Aggy. They wrote anonymous letters telling exactly what they thought of the committee and inquiring if they had all been brought up on a diet of lemons and vinegar. But at the Freshman-Sophomore party all was forgiven and they are now full-fledged St. Josephites. Here's luck to them!

* * * *

Have you heard of the latest doings of the History Club? They now hold their meetings in the old auditorium under the soothing influence of softly-lighted lamps and comfortable chairs. Their thespian talent was put to use in a play they presented in G. A. for Washington's Birthday. Did they have a hectic time digging up costumes! Betsy Ross' cloak was a baby's christening cape; Lafayette's boots wouldn't fit her; a certain prof's cape disappeared to make a coat for George Washington; and I don't know how many trunks were ransacked to find a jacket for General Howe. The play started out as a straight drama and ended up a hilarious comedy. Three cheers for George Washington!

* * * *

Never did the gym see such activity as during the two weeks preceding the choosing of the class teams. The new Freshmen turned out in such numbers that we thought some of them must have brought along their little sisters. And can they play! We have our eye on three right now who'd make excellent Varsity

material. It gives us a thrill to see them getting right into the spirit of things and mixing in that way. If they keep on improving, the other colleges will be afraid to play us. Ahem.

* * * *

And then there was the woozy gentleman who, walking along the street, bumped into a friend of his. "Shay," he said, "I just nearly met my uncle, the cop."

"What do you mean, you nearly met him?" asked his puzzled friend.

"Well," said our hero, "my uncle's badge number is 100 and I just met a cop with badge 99."

* * * *

Did you know that we have one of the most loyal as well as most active Alumnae Associations in the city? They not only have their basketball team practising down here nearly every week, but some of their members have formed a History Club which meets every fortnight. We've been told the Alumnae Room is in use nearly every night in the week. Their members are busy collecting and tabulating data for the students, on fields that will be open to them when they graduate. Their affairs are always marvelous successes. At their bridge in the Waldorf, they had 2,000 attending to play cards and watch the Fashion Show. Quite a powerful organization for a young school!

* * * *

Suzanne Martin offers this suggestion. She has often wondered why the members of the Speech classes do not utilize their talents by making a practical gift to the College. Instead of making records of their voices reciting poetry, these girls should make records that could be played in the locker room during the lunch hour. The record might read something like this: "Have you paid your U. A. dues? Money for *Footprints!* Vote for the amendments!" etc. Can you think of a better way to leave a lasting memory of yourself, and at the same time render a most necessary and beneficial service to your College?

The printing press, although short-lived, raised a few ripples on our placid calm. (Poetry.) The members of the Press Club especially were running around locking and unlocking the Sanctum where the press was kept, getting ink all over their lily-white hands and learning how to type stencils. Only one of the members of the Club could draw and she was being yanked out of classes to draw "just a little illustration for this one." Too bad it didn't fulfill our dreams. Maybe if we get enough money in the U. A. treasury we'll be able to take over the "Eagle" or the "Times" (why be a piker?).

RITA M. HERZOG, '34.

THE EDITOR OF THE WOMEN'S PAGE HAS A NIGHTMARE

DEAR LILLIE LOVELACE:

Should I call him up or don't you think my parents are unreasonable? I have swang Indian clubs as you advised in your self-addressed letter, but my nails continue to be brittle. In that case should a girl speak first, as I am considered good-looking by my friends. If, as you say, one may cut the salad, how can I be sure he returns my affection? There is no need to sift the pits, as these can be boiled down to make soup, which is a great economy. However, my little boy, aged three, continues to crawl under trolley-cars, although I have warned him not to speak to strangers. Shall I spank him or do you think nature will take its course? I *did* have gland trouble, but after using your astringent for three hours, I sat down and played several selections right straight through without having to undergo an operation. In conclusion, if you can tell me what day of the month I was born on, and what to do about it, I will send you an autographed photograph of myself as I will look five years ago.

Your devoted reader, by return mail,

KATHERINE KELLY, '32.

"SO YOU'RE GOING TO FAINT"

Being ill, like almost everything else, has become a fine art, and even a social duty. If you care at all about your prestige, you will develop, as quickly as it is humanly possible, that special ailment which appeals most to you, and set about the required routine with as much finesse as you can manage.

First of all, you must decide whether your illness shall be quiet and conservative or vivid and dramatic. In order to carry off the first type you must be more or less ethereal looking. If you are at all robust, you will find difficulty in keeping your affliction in the minds of your friends without speaking about it all the time and thus becoming a bore. Anyone, however, may indulge in the second type of sickness, which occurs even in the best of families and which, generally, is accompanied by fainting. This affords you much more opportunity for being subtle and individual.

We come now to the first faint. This is very important since a bad start may make things dreadfully difficult. Choose your setting carefully. General Assemblies, for instance, would seem almost to have been created for such an event. At a comparatively quiet point, select an exit, arise suddenly, cover your face with your left hand, extend your right hand in front of you and make for the door. Try to faint just before reaching the exit. (If you are sure that you can manage an interesting shriek at some likely point, try it. If you are doubtful of your ability to do this right, however, let it go.)

The manner in which you fall is also of the utmost importance. For a while, it is best to adhere to the simple forward nose-dive, easiest to perform and suited to all occasions. When you feel the need of introducing a new angle, try a slump. This is more advanced, since it is done by relaxing all the muscles at once. (Do not try this method while you are moving.) If neither of these appeals to you, you may try throwing up your hands and falling backwards. This, of course, is dangerous—but different.

Recovering always has the element of surprise. No matter how much you practice you will still have to be very cagey at this point. Never say "Where am I?"; some one has used that before. Get something that is sure to express your own personality.

Always refuse to go home and go to bed. When asked how you feel, treat the whole matter as if it were a joke.

The next faint is also very important. It should follow soon after the first. A good place would be a "Forum." Use your judgment.

By this time your reputation will have been established and you need not faint so often. Every once in a while stagger into the Registrar's office gasping for spirits of ammonia or, if you prefer, into the office of the Dean moaning for aspirin.

If you can lose weight, develop dark circles under your eyes or acquire a languid "not long for this world" look, by all means, do so.

We hope you find this little article helpful. We do not wish to hamper your art nor to pin you down to any set form of rules, but we do wish to suggest to you ways and means. The details, you must work out for yourself. Lastly, let us here suggest that you study your personality carefully before deciding on any definite plan of action and that you introduce as many individual touches as possible.

ROSE FRANCES KEEGAN, '33.

MORE ABOUT SLEEP

THERE is perhaps no greater enemy of the student's existence than sleep. Sleep is the thief that creeps—not necessarily in the night. There's the rub. Time, tide and sleep wait for no man. Sleep is democratic; it knows no caste, it attacks pupil and professor alike. Sleep knows no rules of warfare; leaps in without warning, withdraws without notice. Sleep has no theatre of operations; it invades school and home alike.

Truly, a little sleep is a dangerous thing. The forty winks in class grow into a sizable snooze, the afternoon siesta lengthens

into a good night's sleep. Sleep takes all or nothing. If once you yield, it is "love, honor and obey." Sleep resents intrusion. Nothing can be more baleful than an interrupted nap. It haunts every waking hour thereafter: it forces the mouth open, and the eyes shut; it acts opium-like on the brain.

A peculiarity of sleep is its behavior during exam week. Then it becomes a constant companion, dodging your step and translating every action into terms of rest. Will-power and reason avail naught against its all-powerful force—in fact, the exercise of either adds to the armament of sleep.

Joyce Kilmer found that the more he ate the less sleep he needed. That was his poetic temperament. Mine is much more phlegmatic, and, all medical advice to the contrary, I find myself strongly disposed to sleep after a hearty, perhaps overhearty, meal. Experimentation recently proved that students who starved before exams did better work. That, although the investigators did not realize it, was because they slept less. Hunger is the only combatant of sleep. If sleep, as Woodworth asserts (or maybe he doesn't?), is a dependable motive, then hunger is even more dependable. Reade is always having his heroes awakened by the pangs of hunger, and Dickens' starving urchins spend their nights in foraging. Thus, you are faced with the solution—starve and stay awake.

Shakespeare surely had ample leisure to indulge in this extravagance of sleep, when he could write so caressingly of it:

" . . . The innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

The cure recommended only aggravates the disease, in my opinion, but opinions will differ. This curse of the student seems to be coveted in later life. Sleep that is buffeted and scoffed at in youth is courted and respected in age. "*Semper mutabiles et variabiles homines.*" And, as the diarists will have it, so to bed.

JOSEPHINE PISANI, '34.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

RELIGION COMMITTEE

Helen Coughlan was the chairman of the Trust Fund Bridge which was held on January 29 under the auspices of the Committee. There was dancing all evening for those who did not care to play. The music was furnished by Ray Delehante's Orchestra, whose pianist played interludes between dances. The bridge prizes were attractive decks of cards decorated with the college seal.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

"Out of the Darkness" was presented by the members in G. A. This religious drama, suitable to the Lenten season, was well received by the students. The members have been busy preparing for the presentation of their annual three-act play. "You and I" by Philip Barry has been selected for this year's production, which will be given April 15. Miss Casey has selected the cast and work is well under way for the big event.

SERENADERS

The recital presented on March 10 was most successful. Modesta Intondi's piano selections were truly delightful, and recalled the day when she and her brother entertained us so graciously at G. A. Other features on the program were: a mandolin duet by Rose Brown and Angela Parisi; a piano duet by Susan Carrano and Rose Marie Viggiana; a violin solo by Gilda D'atri; and a piano solo by Mary Murtha.

FATHERS' CLUB

The Fathers attended Mass in the chapel on Monday morning, February 22, for the repose of the soul of Mr. Manno. On Sunday evening, March 13, a meeting was held.

FRENCH CLUB

The members have been devoting all their time to rehearsals of their presentation of "The Barber of Seville." They plan to present it on April 9.

SPANISH CLUB The Club has decided to give a Fiesta on April 25 at the College. This affair will be both unusual and interesting. The members promise you a most enjoyable treat in the way of something Spanish.

ATHLETICS Basketball is still receiving the major share of interest. The Varsity has been holding its own, and class games which began on Wednesday, March 2, aroused great enthusiasm among the classes. The class games are the first step in the competition between the classes which culminates in Field Day. This year Field Day will be held on April 23, and is under the guidance of Chairman Mary Whelan.

CLUB April 29 is the date set for the presentation of the Club's original musical comedy, "Ho, Ho Horn." Bobby Owens and Virginia Conran have been training the dancing groups. Wait until you see these girls "step"!

In Memoriam

LORIA extends sincerest sympathy to Sister Dolores Marie (Margaret Kelly), Marian Meyers, Beatrice O'Connor and Sadie Naylor, on the deaths of their fathers; to Marion Eldridge and Margaret Burns on the deaths of their aunts.

ALUMNAE NOTES

ENGAGEMENTS The engagement of Eleanor Dolan, '26, to Cyrus Reardon has been announced. Constance Rick, '28, is engaged to Leon C. Regna.

MARRIAGES On January 6, Regina Munz, '24, was married to Francis J. Meyer, and on February 22, Marie Cunningham, '29, became the bride of Dr. Lawrence Savarese.

BIRTHS Helen Weiden McCarthy, '26, has a daughter, Roselyn Mary, born February 10; Mary Kelly Haernmann, '28, announces the birth of a son, Joseph, Jr., while Marge Hartnett Driscoll and Myrtle Foster White, both of '28, have daughters—Marguerite and Margaret Mary, respectively. Catherine Savino Fleri, '29, also has a son, Dominick Anthony.

RELIGIOUS Agnes Comerford, '28, joined the Maryknoll sisters in December.

PROFESSIONAL Margaret N. Cosgrove, '30, is working for her M.A. at Fordham.

Mary Loftus, Irene Roth, and Helen Sullivan, all of '29, are teaching at Brooklyn Industrial High School.

Catherine Gilloon, '29, is giving English courses at the New York Edison Company.

Mary Hurley, '30, is back at St. Joseph's in the History Department.

Genevieve Oliver and Laura Brennan of '31 are teaching at John Adams High School.

Geraldine McMahon, '31, is at Wadleigh.

Elinor Parks, Eileen McLoughlin of '28 and Catherine Carrington of '31 are the new editors of the I. F. C. A. *News Letter*.

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